HEAVEN vpon Earth:

Or

Of true Peace, and *Tranquillity of* Minde:

By Ios. Hall.

The third Edition:
Purged of many groſſe faults, eſcaped in the former Impreſſions.

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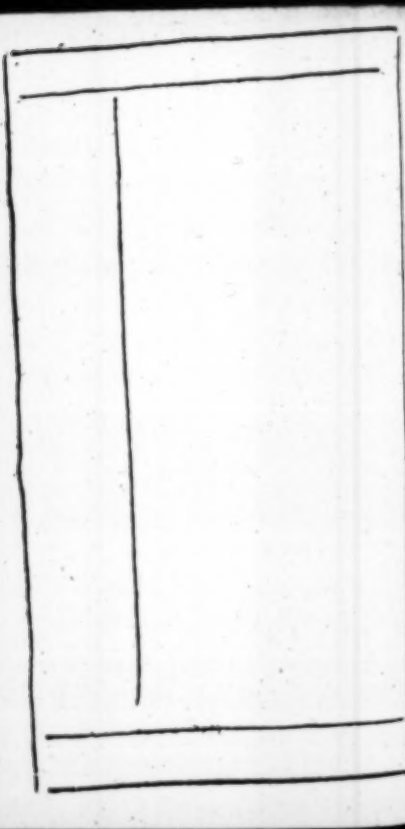

To the right Honorable, HENRY Earle of *Huntingdon*, Lord *Hastings*, *Hungerford*, *Botreaux*, *Molines* and *Moiles*, his Maiesties Lieutenant in the Counties of Leicester and Rutland, my singular good Lord, all increase of true honour, and Heauen begun vpon earth.

(***)

RIght Honourable, *I haue vndertaken a great task; To teach men how to bee happy in this life: I haue*

vndertakē, & performed it. Wherin, I haue followed Seneca, and gone beyond him: followed him, as a Philosopher; gone beyond him, as a Christian, as a Diuine: Finding it a true censure of the best Moralists, that they were like to goodly ships, graced with great titles (the Sauegard, the Triumph, the Good-speed, & such like) when yet they haue been both extreamly sea-beaten and at last wracked. The volume is little: perhaps, the vse more. I haue euer thought, according to the Greeke Pro-

uerbe, Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακὸν. *What it is, euen Iuſtice challengeth it to him, to whome the Author hath deuoted himſelfe: The children of the bondman are the goods of the parents Maſter. I humbly betake it, to your Honors protectiõ, & your Honor, to the protection of the higheſt.*

Your Honors
moſt humbly
deuoted, in all
dutie and ſeruice,

Ioſ. Hall.

HEAVEN vpon Earth:

Or,

Of true Peace of minde.

Section 1.

WHē I had ſtudiouſly read-ouer the morall writings of ſome wiſe Heathen (eſpecially thoſe of the Stoicall profeſſion) I muſt confeſſe I found a little enuy and pitie ſtri-

Cenſure of Philoſophers.

uing together, within me: I enuied Nature in them, to see her so witty in deuising such plausible refuges for doubting and troubled mindes: I pitied them, to see that their carefull disquisition of true Rest, led them in the ende but to meere vnquietnesse. Wherein, mee thought, they were as hounds swift of foot; but not exquisite in sent: which, in an hasty pursuit, take a wrong way; spending their mouthes and courses, in vaine. Their praise of ghessing wittily, they shal

not

not leese: their hopes both they lost, and whosoeuer follows them. If *Seneca* could haue had grace to his wit, what wonders would he haue done in this kinde? what Diuine might not haue yeelded him the chayre, for precepts of Trãquillitie, without any disparagement? As hee was, this he hath gained: Neuer any Heathen wrote more diuinely; neuer any Phylosopher, more probably. Neither wold I euer desire better Master, if to this purpose I needed no other Mistris

than Nature. But this (in truth) is a task, which Nature hath neuer without presumption vndertaken; and neuer performed, without much imperfection: Like to those vain and wandring Empiricks, which in Tables and pictures make great ostẽtation of Cures; neuer approuing their skill to their credulous Patients. And, if shee could haue truely effected it alone, I know not what employment in this life she should haue left for Grace to busie her selfe about; nor what priui-

ledge it ſhould haue been here belowe, to be a Chriſtiã: ſince this, that we ſeeke, is the nobleſt worke of the ſoule, and in which alone conſiſts the onely Heauen of this world. This is the ſumm of all humane deſires: which when wee haue attained, then onely wee begin to liue; & are ſure we cãnot, thence-forth, liue miſerably. No marueil then, if all the heathẽ haue diligently ſought after it, many wrot of it, none attained it. Not *Athens* muſt teach this leſſon, but *Ieruſalem*.

Sect.

What Tranquillity is, and wherein it consists.

Sect. 2.

YET something Grace scorneth not to learne of Nature; as *Moses* may take good counsell of a *Midianite*. Nature hath euer had more skill in the end, than in the way to it: and whether shee haue discourſed of the good estate of the mind (which we cal *Tranquillity*) or the best (which is *Happinesse*) hath more happily ghessed at the generall definition of them, than of the means

to compasse them. Shee teacheth vs therefore, without controlement, that the *Tranquillitie* of the minde is, as of the sea and weather, when no winde stirreth, when the waues doe not tumultuously rise and fall vpon each other; but when the face both of the Heauen and waters is still, faire, and equable: That it is such an euen disposition of the heart, wherein the scoals of the minde neither rise vp towards the beame, through their owne lightnes, or the ouer-weening opinion

of prosperity, nor are too much depressed with any loade of sorrow; but, hanging equall and vnmooued betwixt both, giue a man liberty (in all occurrences) to enioy himselfe. Not that the most temperate minde can be so the master of his passions, as not somtimes to ouer-ioy his griefe, or ouer-grieue his ioy; according to the contrarie occasions of both. For, not the eueneſt weights, but at their first putting into the balance, somewhat sway both parts thereof; not

without a ſhew of inequalitie: which yet, after ſome little motion, ſettle themſelues in a meete poyſe. It is enough, that, after ſome ſudden agitation, it can returne to it ſelfe, and reſt it ſelfe at laſt in a reſolued peace. And, this due compoſednesſe of minde, wee require vnto our *Tranquillitie*; not for ſome ſhort fits of good moode (which ſoone after ende in diſcontentment) but with the condition of perpetuitie. For, there is no hart makes ſo rough weather, as not ſome-

times to admitte of a calm: and (whether for that he knoweth no present cause of his trouble; or, for that he knoweth, that cause of trouble is counteruailed with as great an occasion of priuate ioy; or for that the multitude of euils hath bred careleſſeneſs) the man that is moſt diſordered findes ſome reſpits of quietneſſe. The balances, that are moſt ill matched in their vnſteady motions, come to an equalitie; but ſtay not at it. The franticke man cannot auoide the impu-

tation

tatiō of madnes, though hee bee ſober for many Moones, if hee rage in one. So then, the calme minde muſt be ſettled in an habitual reſtitude then firme, when there is nothing to ſhake it; but then leaſt ſhaken, when it is moſt aſſayled.

Sect. 3.

Insufficiency of humane Precepts.

WHence, eaſily appears, how vainly it hath beene ſought either in ſuch a conſtant eſtate of outward things, as ſhould giue no diſtaſte vnto the minde (whiles all earthly thinges vary with the

whether, & haue no ſtay but in vncertainty) or in the naturall temper of the ſoule, ſo ordered by humane wiſedome, as that it ſhould not be affe-&ted with any caſuall euents, to either part; ſith that cannot euer by naturall power be held like to it ſelfe; but one while is cheerful, ſtirring and ready to vndertake: another while drouſie, dul, comfortleſs, prone to reſt, weary of it ſelfe, loathing his own purpoſes, his own reſolutions. In both which, ſince the wiſeſt philoſophers haue

groun-

grounded all the rules of their *Tranquillity*; it is plain, that they ſaw it a-farre off (as they did heauen it ſelfe) with a deſire and admiratiõ, but knew not the way to it: wher-vpon (alas!) how ſlight & impotent are the remedies they preſcribe for vnquietnes! For, what is it, that *for the inconſtancie and lazineſſe of the minde ſtill diſpleaſing it ſelf in what it doth, and for that diſtemper thereof which ariſeth from the fearefull, vnthriuing, and reſtleſs deſires of it, wee ſhould euer bee imploy-*

Senecaes. rules of Tranquillitie abbridged.

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ing our ſelues in ſome publike affairs, choo-ſing our buſineſſe accor-ding to our inclinati-tion, and proſecuting what wee haue choſen? wherewith being at laſt cloyed, wee ſhould retire our ſelues, and weare the reſt of our time in priuat ſtudies; that wee ſhould make due comparatiue trials of our own ability; nature of our buſineſſes; diſpoſition of our choſen friends? that, in reſpect of Patrimony, we ſhould be but careleſly affected; ſo drawing it in, as it may bee leaſt for ſhowe, moſt

for vſe; remooving all pompe, bridling our hopes, cutting off ſuperfluities: for Croſſes, to cõſider that Cuſtome will abate and mitigate them; that the beſt things are but chaines and burdens to thoſe that haue them, to thoſe that vſe them; that the worſt thinges haue ſome mixture of comfort, to thoſe that groane vnder them. Or (leauing theſe lower rudiments, that are giuen to weake and ſimple nouices) to examine thoſe golden rules of Morality, which are commended to the

moſt wiſe & able practicioners: what is it, *to account himſelf as a tenant at will? to fore-imagine the worſt in al caſual matters? to auoide all idle & impertinent buſineſſes, all pragmaticall medaling with affairs of State? not ſo to fix our ſelues vpõ any one eſtate, as to bee impatient of a change? to call back the minde from outward things, and draw it home into it ſelf? to laugh at, and eſteeme lightly of others miſdemeanours? not to depend vpõ others opinions, but to ſtand on our owne bottomes? to*

carry our ſelues in an honeſt & ſimple truth, free from a curious hypocriſie (and affectatiõ of ſeeming other then we are) and yet as free frõ a baſe kinde of careleſnes? to intermeddle retyrednes, with ſociety, ſo as one may giue ſweetneſſe to the other, and both to vs? ſo ſlackning the minde that wee may not looſen it; and ſo bending, as wee may not break it? to make moſt of our ſelues, chearing vp our ſpirits with variety of recreations, with ſatiety of meals, and al other bodily indulgence; ſauing that

Drunk-

Allowed yet by *Seneca*, in his last chapter of Tranquillitie.

Drunkennesse (me thinks) cã neither beseem a wise Philosopher to prescribe, nor a vertuous man to practice. Al these in their kindes please well, profit much; and are as soueraigne for both these, as they are vnable to effect that for which they are propounded. Nature teacheth thee, All these should be done; she cannot teach thee to do thẽ: and yet do all these and no more, let mee neuer haue rest, if thou haue it. For, neither are here the greatest enemies of our peace so much as descri-

Seneeas rules reiected, as vnsufficient.

ed

ed afarre off; nor those that are noted are hereby so preuented, that vpō most diligent practice we can promise our selues any security. Wherewith who so instructed dare confidently giue challenge to all aduerse encounters, is like to some skilfull Fencer, who stands vpon his vsuall wards, & plaies well; but, if there come a strange sleight or an vnwonted blowe, is put besides the rules of his Art, and with much shame ouertaken. And for those that are knowen (beleeue me) the

Minde of man is too weake to beare out it self hereby, against all onsets. There are *light Crosses*, that will take an easie repulse; others yet *stronger*, that shake the house side; but breake not in vpō vs: others *vehement*, which by force make way to the heart where they finde none; breaking open the doore of the soule that denies entrance: others *violent*, that lift the minde off ẏ hendges, or rend the bars of it in peeces: others *furious*, that teare vp the very foundations

from

from ỹ bottome; leauing no monument behinde them, but ruine. The wiſeſt & moſt reſolute Moraliſt, that euer was, lookt pale when he ſhuld taſte of his Hemlock; and, by his timorouſneſſe, made ſport to thoſe that enuied his ſpeculations. The beſt of the heathen Emperors (that was honored with the Title of Pietie) iuſtly magnified that courage of Chriſtians, which made them inſult ouer their tormentors; & by their feareleſsneſs of earthquakes and deaths, argued the truth of their

Antonius 7 iust.

An epiſtle to the Aſians concerning the perſecuted chriſtians.

Religion. It must be, it can be none but a diuine power, that can vphold the minde against the rage of main afflictions: & yet the greatest Crosses are not the greatest enemies to inward Peace. Let vs therefore look vp aboue our selues; and (from the rules of an hyer Art) supply the defects of naturall wisedome; giuing such infallible directions for *Tranquillitie*, that whosoeuer shall follow, cannot but liue sweetly, and with continuall delight; applauding himselfe at

home,

home, when all the world beſides him ſhall be miſerable. To which purpoſe it ſhall bee requiſite, firſt to remooue all cauſes of vnquietneſs; and then to ſet down the grounds of our happy Reſt.

Diſpoſition of the worke.

Sect. 4.

FInde, on the one hand, two vniuerſall Enemies of Tranquillitie; *Conſcience of euill done*, *Senſe or feare of euill ſuffered*. The former, in one word wee call *Sinne*; the later, *Croſſes*. The firſt of theſe muſt bee

Enemies of inward *Peace* diuided into their rāks.

quite taken away; the ſecond duely tempered, ere the heart can bee at reſt. For, firſt how canne that man bee at *peace*, that is at *variance* with God and himſelfe? How ſhould Peace be Gods gift, if it could be without him, if it could be againſt him? It is the profeſſion of Sinne (although faire ſpoken at the firſt cloſing) to be a perpetuall make-bate betwixt God and man, betwixt a man and himſelfe. And this enmitie, tho it do not continually ſhew it ſelfe (as, the mor-

talleſt

talleſt enemies are not alwaies in pitched fields, one againſt the other) for that the conſcience is not euer clamorous (but ſomewhile is ſilent; otherwhiles, with ſtill murmurings bewrayes his miſlikes) yet doth euermore worke ſecret vnquietnes to the heart. The guilty man may haue a *ſeeming truce*: a *true Peace* hee cannot haue. Looke vpon the face of a guilty heart; and thou ſhalt ſee it pale and gaſtly, the ſmiles and laughters faint and heartleſs, the

The torment of an euil Conſcience.

ſpeeches doubtfull, and full of abrupt ſtops and vnſeaſonable turnings, the purpoſes & motions vnſteady, & ſauoring of much diſtraction; arguingplainly, that Sin is not ſo ſmoothe at her firſt motions, as turbulent afterwards. Hence, are thoſe vaine wearyings of places & companies together with our ſelues, that the galled ſoule doth (after the wont of ſicke Patients) ſeek refreſhing in varieties; and, after many toſſed and turned ſides, complaines of remedileſs and vnabated

torment.

torment. *Nero*, after ſo much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber: but, his Fiends euer attend him, euer are within him, and are as parts of himſelfe. Alas! what auailes it to ſeeke outward relieſes, when thou haſt thine executioner within thee? If thou couldeſt ſhift from thy ſelfe, thou mighteſt haue ſome hope of eaſe: now, thou ſhalt neuer want *Furies*, ſo long as thou haſt thy ſelfe. Yea, what if thou wouldeſt runne from thy ſelfe? Thy Soule may

flie from thy Body : thy Conſcience will not flie from thy Soule; nor thy Sinne from thy Conſcience. Some men indeed, in the bitternes of theſe pangs of ſinne (like vnto thoſe fondly impatient fiſhes, that leape out of the pan into the flame) haue leapt out of this priuate hell (that is in themſelues) into the cõmon pit; chooſing rather to aduenture vpon the *future paines* that they haue feared, than to indure the *preſent horrors* they haue felt. Wherein, what haue

they

they gayned, but to that Hell which was within them a second Hel without? The Conſcience leaues not where the Fiends begin: but, both ioyn together in torture. But, there are ſome firme and obdurate foreheads, whoſe reſolution canne laugh their ſinnes out of countenance. There are ſo large and able gorges, as that they canne ſwallow & digeſt bloodie murders, without complaint: who, with the ſame hands which they haue ſince their laſt neale embrued

in blood, can freely carue to themselues large morsells at the next sitting. Beleeuest thou, that such a mans heart laughes, with his face? will not hee dare to be an Hypocrite, that durst be a Villaine? These glowe-worms, when a night of sorow compasseth them, make a lightsome and fiery shewe of ioy; when, if thou presse them, thou findest nothing but a cold & crude moisture. Knowest thou not, that there are those who count it no shame to sinne, yet coun it a

The Ioy and *Peace* of the guilty but dissembled.

ſhame to bee checked with remorſe, eſpecially ſo as others eies may deſcry? to whom repentance ſeemes baſe-minmindedneſſe; vnworthy of him that profeſſes wiſedome and valour. Such a man can grieue, when none ſees it, but himſelf: can laugh, when others ſee it, himſelf feels not. Aſſure thy ſelf, that mans hart bleedeth, when his face coũterfeits a ſmile. He wears out many waking hours when thou thinkeſt hee reſteth: yea, as his thoughts affoord him

not

not ſleepe, ſo his verie ſleepe affoords him not reſt; but, while his ſenſes are tyed vp, his Sinne is looſe, repreſenting it ſelfe to him in his vglieſt ſhape, and frighting him with horrible and hellifh dreams. And if (perhaps) cuſtome hath bred a careleſnes in him (as we ſee, that vſuall whipping makes the childe not care for the rod) yet an vnwonted extremity of the blowe ſhall fetch blood of the Soule; and make the backe, that is moſt hardened, ſenſible of ſmart: and the

further the bloawe is fetcht through intermission of remorse, the harder it must needs alight. Therefore I may confidently tell the careleſſe ſinner, as that bold *Tragediã* ſaid to his great *Pompey*; *The time ſhall come, wherein thou ſhalt fetch deepe ſighes; and therfore ſhalt ſorrow deſperatly, becauſe thou ſorrowedſt not ſooner.* The fire of the Cõſciẽce may ly, for a time, ſmoothered with a pile of greene wood, that it cannot be diſcerned: whoſe moiſture when once it hath

maſtred

mastered, it sends vp so much greater flame, by how much it had greater resistance. Hope not then to stop the mouth of thy Conscience from exclaiming, whiles thy Sinne continues: that indeuour is both vaine and hurtfull. So I haue seene them that haue stopt the nosthrill for bleeding, in hope to stay the issues when ỳ blood, hindered in his former course, hath broken out of the mouth, or found way downe into the stomack. The Conscience is not pacifiable, while Sin

is within, to vex it; no more, than an angrie ſwelling came ceaſe throbbing and aching, whiles the thorne or the corrupted matter lies roting vnderneath. Time, that remedies all other euills of the minde, increaſeth this; which, like to bodily diſeaſes, proues worſe with continuance, and growes vppon vs with our age.

Sect. 5.

The remedy of an vnquiet Cõscience.

THere can bee therefore no *Peace*, without *Reconciliatiõ*; thou canst not be friends with thy selfe, till with God. For, thy Conscience (which is thy best friend, while thou sinnest not) like an honest Seruant takes his Masters part against thee, when thou hast sinned; and will not looke straight vpon thee, till thou vpon God: not daring to be so kinde to thee, as to be vnfaithfull to his Ma-

ker. There can be no *Reconciliation*, without *Remission*. God can neither forget the iniurie of Sin, nor dissemble hatred. It is for men, and those of hollow hearts, to make pretences, contrary to their affections. Soothings, and smiles, & imbracements, where wee mean not loue, are from weakenes; either for that wee feare our insufficiency for present reuenge, or hope for a fitter opportunitie afterwards, or for that we desire to make our further aduantage of him to

whom

whom wee meane euill. Theſe courſes are not incident to an almighty power: who, hauing the command of all vengeance, can ſmite where hee liſt, without all doubtings, or delaies. There can be no *Remiſſion*, without *Satisfaction*. Neither dealeth God with vs, as we Men with ſome deſperat debters: whom, after long dilation of paiments and many dayes broken, we altogether let go, for diſabilitie; or, at leaſt, diſmiſs them, vpon an eaſie compoſition. All ſinnes

are

are debts: all Gods debts must bee discharged. It is a bolde word, but a true; *God should not be iust, if any of his debts should passe, vnsatisfied.* The conceit of the profane vulgar makes God, all of mercies; and therupon, hopes for pardon, without payment. Fond & ignorant presumptiō! to disioyne Mercie and Iustice, in him, to whom they are both essentiall; to make mercy exceede iustice, in him, in whom both are infinite. Dareſt thou hope God can be so kinde to thee, as to

be vniuſt to himſelf? God will be iuſt: go thou on to preſume, and periſh. There can be no Satisfaction, by any recompēce of ours: an infinit iuſtice is offended; an infinit puniſhment is deſerued, by euery ſin: and euery mans ſins are as neere to infinite, as number can make them. Our beſt endeauour is worſe then finite, imperfect, & faulty. If it could be perfect, we owe it al, in preſēt. What we are bound to doe in preſent, cannot make amends for what we haue not done in time paſt:

which while we offer to God as good payment; we do, with the profane traueller, think to please him with emptie date-shells, in lieu of preseruatiõ. Where shal we then finde a payment of infinite value, but in him which is one hand al infinite? The dignitie of whose Person, being infinite, gaue such worth to his satisfactiõ, that what he suffered in short time, was proportionable to what we should haue suffered beyond all times. Hee did all, suffered all, paied all: hee did it for

vs; wee in him. Whote shall I begin to wonder at thee, O thou diuine & eternall peacemaker, the sauiour of men, the anointed of God, mediator betweene God and man! in whom there is nothing, which doth not exceede not onely the conceit, but the very wonder of Angels; who saw thee in thy humiliation with silence, and adore thee in thy glory with perpetuall praises and reioycings. Thou wast for euer of thy self as God, of the Father as the Son, the eternall Son

of an eternal Father; not later in being, not leſſe in dignitie, not other in ſubſtance: Begotten, without diminution of him that begot thee; while hee communicated that wholly to thee, which hee retained wholly in himſelfe: becauſe both were infinite, without inequalitie of nature, without diuiſion of eſſence: when, being in this eſtate, thine infinite loue and mercy to deſperate mankinde cauſed thee (O Sauior!) to empty thy ſelfe of thy glory, that thou might'ſt

put on our ſhame & miſery. Wherfore, not ceaſing to be God (as thou wert) thou beganſt to be (what thou wert not) man; to the ende that thou mighteſt be a perfect Mediatour betwixt God and man, which wert both in one perſon: God, that thou mighteſt ſatisfie; Man, that thou mightſt ſuffer: that ſince man had ſinned and God was offended, thou which wert God and man, mighteſt ſatisfie God for man. None but thy ſelfe (which art the *eternall Word*) can expreſs

the

the depth of this myſtery, that God ſhould be cloathed with fleſh, come downe to men, and become man; that man might bee exalted into the higheſt heauens, and that our nature might be taken into the fellowſhip of the Deitie. That he, to whom al Powers in heauen bowed (and thought it their honour to be ſeruiceable) ſhould come downe to bee a ſeruant to his ſlaues, a ranſome for his enemies; together with our nature taking vp our very infirmities,

our ſhame, our torments, and bearing our ſinnes, without ſinne. That thou whome the Heauens were too ſtrait to containe, ſhouldſt lay thy ſelfe in an obſcure cratch: thou, which wert attended of Angels ſhouldſt be *derided* of men, *reiected* of thine owne, *perſecuted* by Tyrants, *tempted* with Diuels, *betrayed* of thy ſeruant, *crucified* among theeues, and (which was worſe then all theſe) in thine owne apprehenſion (for the time) as *forſaken* of thy father.

That

That thou, whom our ſinnes had pearced, ſhouldſt for our ſinnes both ſweat drops of blood in the Garden, & powr out ſtreames of blood vpon the Croſſe. O, the inualuable purchaſe of our peace! O ranſom, enough for no worlds! Thou, which wert (in the Counſell of thy Father) the *Lamb* ſlaine from the beginning of time, cam'ſt now in fulnes of time to be ſlaine by man, for man; being (at once) the *Sacrifice* offered, the *Prieſt* that did offer, and the

God to whome it was offered. How gratiouſly diddeſt thou both *proclaime* our peace (as a *Prophet*) in the time of thy life, vpon earth! and *purchaſe* it, by thy blood (as a *Prieſt*) at thy death! and now confirmeſt and *applieſt* it, as a *King* in heauen! By thee onely, it was procured: by thee, it is profered. O mercy, without example, without meaſure! God offers peace, to man: the holy ſeeks to the vniuſt; the potter, to the clay; the King, to the traytor. Wee

are vnworthy that wee ſhould bee receiued to peace, tho wee deſired it: what are wee then, that wee ſhould haue peace offered, for the receiuing? An eaſie condition of ſo great a benefit! he requires vs not to earne it; but to accept it of him. What could hee giue more? what could he require leſſe, of vs?

Sect. 6.

THE purchaſe therfore of our Peace was paid, at once; yet, muſt be ſeue-

The receit of our *Peace* offered by *Faith.*

rally recconed to euery ſoule, whom it ſhall benefit. If wee haue not an hand, to take what Chriſts hand doth either hold, or offer; what is ſufficient in him, cannot be effectuall to vs. The ſpirituall hand, whereby we apprehend the ſweet offers of our Sauiour, is faith; which (in ſhort) is no other than an affiance in the Mediator. Receiue peace, and bee happy: belieue, & thou haſt receiued! From hence it is, that we are intereſſed in all that either God hath promi-

sed, or Christ hath performed. Hence haue wee, from God, both forgiuenes and loue; the ground of all either peace or glory. Hence, of Enemies we become (more then Friendes) Sonnes: and, as sonnes, may both expect and challenge, not onely carefull prouision and safe protection on earth, but an euerlasting patrimony aboue. This field is so spatious, that it were easie for a man to leese himself in it. And, if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk,

my time would ſooner end than my way: wherin, I would haue meaſured more paſes; were it not that our ſcope is not ſo much to magnifie the benefit of our Peace, as to ſeeke how to obtaine it.

A corollary of the beneſite of this receite.

Behold now, after we haue ſought heauen and earth, heere onely the wearied Doue may finde an Oliue of peace: The *apprehending* of this alſufficient *Satisfaction*, makes it ours: vpon our *Satisfaction*, wee haue *Remiſsion*: vpon *Remiſsion*, followes *Reconcilia-*

tion;

tion; vpon our *Reconcili-ation*, *Peace*. When therfore thy Conſciẽce, like a ſtern Sergeant, ſhal catch thee by the throat, and arreſt thee vpon Gods debt; let thy onely plea be, that thou haſt already paid it. Bring forth that bloody acquittãce, ſealed to thee (from heauen) vpon thy true Faith: ſtraight-way, thou ſhalt ſee the fierce & terrible looke of thy Conſcience changed into friendly ſmiles; and that rough & violẽt hand, that was ready to drag thee to priſon, ſhall now louingly

imbrace thee, and fight for thee against all the wrongfull attempts of any spirituall aduersarie. O heauenly Peace! and more than peace; Frendship: whereby alone, we are leagued with our selues, and God with vs. Which who-euer wãts, shal finde a sad Remembrancer, in the midst of his dissembled iollity: and, after all vain strifes, shall fall into many secret dumps; from which his guiltie heart shall deny to be cheared, tho all the world were his Minstrell. Oh pleasure, wor-

thy to bee pitied, and laughter worthy of teares, that is without this! Go then, fooliſh man; and, when thou feeleſt any check of thy Sinne, ſeeke thou after thy iocondeſt companions: deceiue the time and thy ſelfe, with merrie purpoſes, with buſie games: feaſt-away thy Cares; bury them and thy ſelfe in wine and ſleepe: after all theſe triuolous differrings, it will returne vpon thee, when thou wakeſt; perhaps, ere thou wakeſt: nor will bee repelled, till it haue ſhow-

The vaine ſhifts of the guilty.

ed

ed thee thy hell; nor, when it had ſhowed thee, will yet be repelled. So, the ſtricken Deere, hauing receiued a deadly arrow (whoſe ſhaft, ſhaken out, hath left the head behinde it) runs frō one thicket to another; not able to change his paine with his places, but finding his wounds ſtill the worſe with continuance. Ah foole! thy ſoule feſtereth within, and is affected ſo much more dangerouſly, by how much leſs it appeareth. Thou maiſt while thy ſelfe; with varietie:

thou

thou canſt not eaſe thee. Sin owes thee a ſpight, and will pay it thee, perhaps when thou art in worſt caſe to ſuſtaine it. This flitting doth but prouide for a further violence, at laſt. I haue ſeen a little ſtream (of no noiſe) which, vpon his ſtoppage, hath ſwelled vp, and (with a loude guſhing) hath borne-ouer the heap of turves wherwith it was reſiſted. Thy Death-bed ſhall ſmart for theſe wilfull adiournings of Repentance: whereon, how many haue wee heard ra-

uing

uing, of their olde neglected ſins? and fearfully deſpairing, when they haue had moſt neede of comfort? In ſumme, there is no way but this; Thy Conſcience muſt haue either *Satisfaction*, or *Torment*. Diſcharge thy Sinne betimes, and bee at peace. *Hee neuer breakes his ſleep for debt, that payes when he takes vp.*

Sect. 7.

NEither canne it ſuffice for Peace, to haue croſſed the old ſcroule of our Sins; if wee preuent not the future: yea, the preſent very Importunitie of Tentation breeds vnquietneſſe. Sinne, where it hath got an haunt, looketh for more; as humours, that fall towards their old iſſue: and, if it be not ſtrongly repelled, doth neere as much vex vs with ſoliciting, as with yeelding. Let o-

Solicitation of Sin remedied.

thers

thers enuie their happi-
nesse: I shall neuer thinke
their life so much as qui-
et, whose doores are
continually beaten; and
their morning sleep bro-
ken, with early Clients:
whose entries are daily
thronged with Suiters,
pressing neere for the
next Audience; much
lesse, who (through their
remisse answers) are dai-
ly haunted with traitors,
or other instruments of
villany, offering their
mischieuous seruice, and
inciting them to some
pestilent enterprise: Such
are Tentations, to the

Soule; whereof it cannot be ridde, ſo long as it holds them in any hope of entertainement: and ſo long they will hope to preuaile, while wee giue them but a cold and timorous denyall. Suters are drawen on, with an eaſie repulſe; counting that, as halfe granted, which is but faintly gainſaid: onely peremptory anſweres canne put Sinne out of heart, for any ſecond attempts. It is euer impudent, when it meets not with a bold heart; hoping to preuaile by wea-

rying

rying vs, & wearying vs by intreaties. Let all suggestions therefore finde thee resolute: so shal thy soule finde it selfe at rest. For, as the Diuell, so Sin (his naturall brood) flies away, with resistance. To which purpose, all our heady and disordered affections (which are the secret Factors of Sin and Satan) must bee restrained, by a strong and yet temperate Commaund of Reason and Religion. These, if they finde the reynes loose in their necks (like to the wilde horses of that chaste

The ordering of affections.

hun-

hunter, in the Tragedie) carry vs ouer hills and rocks; and neuer leaue vs, till wee bee diſmembred, and they breathleſs: but, contrarily, if they be pulled-in with the ſudden violence of a ſtraite hand; they fall to plunging, and careering, and neuer leaue till their ſaddle be emptie, and euen then dangerouſly ſtrike at their proſtrate Rider. If there be any exerciſe of Chriſtian wiſedome, it is in the menaging of theſe vntuly affections: which are not more neceſſary

in their beſt vſe, than pernicious in their miſgouernance. Reaſon hath alwaies been buſie in vndertaking this ſo neceſſarie a moderation. Wherin, altho ſhe haue preuailed with ſome of colder temper; yet thoſe which haue beene of more ſtubborne metall (like vnto growen Scholers, which ſcorne the ferule that ruled their minoritie) haue ſtill deſpiſed her weake indeauors. Onely Chriſtianitie hath this power: which, with our ſecond birth, giues vs a new na-

ture. So that now, if *exceſſe* of paſſions be naturall to vs as Men, the *ordering* of them is naturall to vs as Chriſtians. Reaſon bids the angrie man ſay ouer his Alphabet, ere hee giue his anſwere; hoping, by this intermiſſion of time, to gaine the mitigation of his rage. Hee was neuer throughly angrie, that can indure the recitall of ſo many idle letters. Chriſtianitie giues not *rules*, but *power*, to auoid this ſhort madneſſe. It was a wiſe ſpeech, that is reported of our beſt and

laſt Cardinall, I hope that this Iland either did or ſhall ſee: who, when a skilfull Aſtrologer (vpon the calculation of his Natiuitie) had foretold him ſome ſpecialities, concerning his future eſtate, aunſwered; Such, perhaps, I was borne: but, ſince that time, I haue been borne againe; and my ſecond Natiuitie hath croſſed my firſt. The power of of Nature is a good plea for thoſe, that acknowledge nothing aboue Nature. But, for a Chriſtian to excuſe his in-

temperateneſſe by his naturall inclination (and to ſay, I am borne choletick, ſullen, amorous) is an Apologie worſe then the faulte. Wherefore ſerves Religion, but to ſubdue or gouerne Nature? Wee are ſo much Chriſtians, as we can rule our ſelues: the reſt is but forme, and ſpeculation. Yea, the verie thought of our profeſſion is ſo powerfull, that (like vnto that precious ſtone) being caſt into this ſea, it aſſwageth thoſe inward Tempeſtes, that were

rayſed by the Affecti-
ons. The vnregene-
rate minde is not ca-
pable of this power;
and therefore, through
the continuall mutinies
of his paſſions, cannot
but bee ſubiect to per-
petuall vnquietneſſe.
There is neither remedy,
nor hope in this eſtate:
but the Chriſtian Soule
(that hath inured it ſelfe
to the awe of God, & the
exerciſes of true mortifi-
cation) by the only loo-
king-vp at his holy Pro-
feſſion, cureth the bur-
ning venome of theſe
fiery ſerpents, that lurke

within him. Haſt thou nothing but Nature? reſolue, to looke for no Peace. God is not prodigall, to caſt away his beſt bleſſings, on ſo vnworthy ſubiectes. Art thou a Chriſtian? Do but remember thou art ſo: & then, if thou dar'ſt, if thou canſt, yeeld to the exceſſe of Paſſions.

Sect. 8.

The ſecond maine enemie to Peace; Croſſes.

HItherto, the moſt inward and dangerous Enemy of our Peace: which if wee haue once maſtred, the

other field ſhal be fought & won with leſs blood. Croſſes diſquiet vs, either in their preſent feeling, or their expectation; both of them, when they meet with weake minds, ſo extreamely diſtempering them, that the Patient (for the time) is not himſelfe. How manie haue wee knowen, which (through a lingring diſeaſe) wearie of their paine, wearie of their liues, haue made their owne hands their Executioners? How many, meeting with an head-ſtrong

griefe

griefe, which they could not menage, haue by the violence of it beene caried quite from their wits? How many millions (what for incurable maladies, what for losses, what for defamations, what for sad accidents to their children) rub out their liues, in perpetuall discontentment? therefore liuing, because they cannot yet die; not, for that they like to liue. If there could bee any humane receit prescribed to auoid euils, it wold bepurchased at an hie rate: But

both it is impossible that earth should redresse that which is sent from heauen; and, if it could bee done, euen the want of miseries would proue miserable. For, the mind, cloyed with continuall felicitie, would growe a burden to it selfe; loathing that at last, which intermission would haue made pleasant. Giue a free horse the full raines, & he wil soon tire. Summer is the sweetest season, by al cõsents; wherin, the earth is both most rich with encrease and most gorgeous for ornament:

nament: yet if it were not receiued with enterchanges of cold frosts and pearcing windes, who could liue? Summer would bee no summer, if winter did not both lead it in, and follow it. Wee may not, therefore, either hope or striue to escape all Crosses; some we may. What thou canst, flye from: what thou canst not, allay & mitigate. In Crosses, vniuersally, let this be thy rule; Make thy selfe none: escape some: beare the rest: sweeten all.

Sect. 9.

Of crosses that arise from Cōceite.

APprehēsiō giues life to Crosses: and if some bee simply, most are as they are taken. I haue seene many, which, when God hath meant them no hurt, haue framed themselues Crosses, out of imagination; & haue found that insupportable for weight, which in truth neuer was, neither had euer any but a fancied Being: Others againe, laughing-out heauy afflictions; for which, they

were

were bemoaned of the beholders. One receiues a deadly wound; & looks not so much as pale, at the smart: an other hears of maine losses; and, like *Zeno* after newes of his shipwrack (as altogether passion-less) goes to his rest: not breaking an houres sleepe for that, which would breake the heart of some others. *Greenham*, that Saint of ours (whom it cannot disparage, that he was reserued for our so loose an age) canne lie spred quietly vpon the forme, looking for the

Chirurgians knife; binding himself as fast with a resolued patience, as others with strongest cords: abiding his flesh carued and his bowels rifled, and not stirring more then if he felt not; while others tremble to expect & shrink to feele, but the pricking of a veine. There can be no remedie, for imaginary Crosses, but Wisedome; which shal teach vs to esteeme of all euents, as they are: like a true glasse, representing all things to our mindes, in their due proportion;

so as Crosses may not seeme, that are not: nor little & gentle ones seem great and intolerable. Giue thy body Ellebore, thy mind good Counsel, thine eare to thy friends; and these fantasticall euills shall vanish away, like themselues.

Sect. 10.

IT were Idle aduise to bid men auoid euills. Nature hath, by a secret instinct, taught brute creatures so much, whether

Of true and reall Crosses.

wit

wit or ſagacitie: and our ſelfe-loue (making the beſt aduantage of Reaſon) will eaſily make vs ſo wiſe and carefull. It is more worth our labour (ſince our life is ſo open to calamities, and nature to impatience) to teach men to beare what euills they cannot auoide; and how, by a well diſpoſedneſſe of minde, wee may correct the iniquitie of all hard euents. Wherin it is hardly credible, how much, good Arte, and precepts of Reſolution may auaile vs. I

haue

haue ſeene one man(by the helpe of a little engine)lift vp that weight (alone)which fortie helping hands (by their cleare ſtrength) might haue indeuored in vaine. We liue here in an Oceaan of troubles, wherein wee canne ſee no firme land; One waue falling vpon another, ere the former haue wrought all his ſpight. Miſchieſes ſtriue for places; as if they feared to loſe their roome, if they haſted not. So many good thinges as wee haue, ſo many euilles

ariſe from their priuation; beſides no fewer reall and poſitiue euils, that afflict vs. To preſcribe & apply receits to euery particular Croſſe, were to write a *Salmeron*-like Commentarie vpon *Petrarchs* Remedies: and I doubt, whether ſo the worke would be perfect. A life would be too little, to write it; and but enough, to read it.

Sect. 11.

The firſt remedie of Croſſes.

THe ſame Medicines cānot helpe all diſeaſes of the

Bodies

Bodie: of the Soule, they may. Wee see, Fencers giue their schollers the same common rules of position, of warding, and of weelding their weapõ, for offence, for defence, against all commers: such vniuersal precepts there are for Crosses. In the first whereof, I would prescribe *Expectation*; that either killeth, or abatetheuils. For, Crosses (after the nature of ỳ *Cockatrice*) dy, if they be fore-seene. Whether this prouidẽce makes vs more strong to resist, or (by some secret power) Before they come

makes

makes them more vnable to assault vs; It is not credible, what a forereſolued minde can do, can ſuffer. Could our Engliſh *Milo*, of whom Spayne yet ſpeaketh ſince their laſt Peace, haue ouerthrowen that furious beaſt, made now more violēt through the rage of his baiting; if he had not ſettled himſelfe in his ſtation, and expected? The frighted multitude ran away from that ouerearneſt ſport, which (begun in pleaſure) ended in terror: if Hee had turned his back with the

reſt,

reſt, where had been his ſafety, where his glory, and reward? Now, Hee ſtood ſtil, expected, ouercame: by one fact, he at once preſerued, honored, inriched himſelfe. Euills will come neuer the ſooner, for that thou lookeſt for them: they will come the eaſier. It is a labor well loſt, if they come not; & wel beſtowed, if they do come. We are ſure, the worſt may come: why ſhould wee bee ſecure, that it will not? Suddenneſs findes weake mindes ſecure, makes them miſerable,

leaues them desperate. The best way, therefore, is to make things present in conceit, before they come; that they may be half past in their violence, when they doe come: euen as, with wodden wasters, wee learn to play at ỹ sharp. As therfore good souldiors exercise thẽselues long at the pale, and there vse those actiuities which afterwardes they shal practice vpon a true aduersary: so must wee present to our selues imaginary crosses; & menage them in our minde,

be-

before God ſends them in euēt. Now I eat, ſleep, digeſt; all ſoundly, without complaint: what if a languiſhing diſeaſe ſhold bereaue me of my appetite & reſt; that I ſhould ſee dainties & loath thē, ſurfeiting of the verie ſmell (nay, the thought) of the beſt diſhes? that I ſhuld count the lingring houres, and thinke *Ezechias* long day returned; wearying my ſelfe with changing ſides, & wiſhing any thing but what I am? How could I take this diſtemper? Now I haue, if not what I

would

would, yet what I need: as not abounding with idle superfluities, so not straitned with penurie of the necessarie things: What if Pouerty should rush vpon me, as an armed man (spoyling me, of all my little that I had) and send me to the fountaine, for my best cellar? to the ground, for my bed? for my bread, to anothers cup-bord? for my cloathes, to the brokers shop, or my friends ward-robe? How could I brooke this want? I am now at home, walking in my owne grounds,

loo-

looking on my young plants, ŷ hope of posterity; considering the nature, aduantages, or feares of my soile, inioying the patrimonie of my fathers: What, if for my Religion, or the malicious sentence of some great one) I should be exiled from my country; wandering amongst those, whose habite, language, fashion, my ignorance shall make mee wonder at; where the solitude of places, and strangenes of persons shall make my life vncomfortable? How

could

could I abide the ſmel of forraine ſmoke ? How ſhould I take the contempt and hard vſage, that waits vpō ſtrangers? Thy proſperitie is idle, and ill ſpent, if it bee not meddled with ſuch forecaſting and wiſely ſuſpicious thoughts ; if it be wholly beſtowed in enioying, no whit in preuenting: Like vnto a fooliſh Cittie, which, notwithſtanding a dangerous ſituation, ſpends all her wealth in rich furnitures of chambers, and ſtate-houſes ; while they beſtowe not one ſhouel-

full of earth, on outward Bulwarkes, to their defence: this is but to make our enemies the happier and our selues the more readily miserable. If thou wilt not therfore be oppressed with euills; *Expect*, and *Exercise*: Exercise thy selfe, with conceit of euils; Expect the euils themselues: Yea, exercise thy selfe in expectation. So, while the minde pleaseth it selfe, in thinking, *Yet* I am not thus; it prepareth it selfe, against it *may be* so: And if some, that haue beene good at the foyles, haue

proued cowardly at the ſharpe; yet (on the contrarie) who-euer durſt point a ſingle combate in the field, that hath not been ſomewhat trayned in the fence-ſchoole?

Sect. 12.

The next remedy of Croſſes when they are come.

NEither doth it a little blunt the edge of euills, To conſider that they come from a diuine hand; whoſe almightie power is guided by a moſt wiſe prouidence, & tempred with a fatherly loue. Euen the ſauage

Frō their Author.

creatures

creatures will bee ſmitten of their keeper, and repine not: if of a ſtranger, they teare him in peeces. He ſtrikes mee that made me, that moderates the world: why ſtruggle I with him? why with my ſelfe? Am I a foole, or a Rebel? A foole, if I bee ignorant whence my croſſes com: A Rebel, if I knowe it, and bee impatient. My ſufferings are from a God; from my God: he hath deſtin'd mee euerie dramme of ſorrow, that I feele; Thus much thou ſhalt abide: and

here ſhall thy miſeries be ſtinted. Al worldly helps cannot abate them: all powers of hell cannot adde one ſcruple to their weight, that he hath allotted me. I muſt, therefore, either blaſpheame God in my heart, detracting from his infinite iuſtice, wiſedome, power, mercy (which all ſhall ſtand inuiolable, when millions of ſuch worms, as I am, are gon to duſt) or els confeſs, that I ought to be patiēt. And, if I profeſſe I ſhould bee what I will not; I befool my ſelfe, and bewray miſerable

ſerable impotencie. But (as Impatience is full of excuſes) it was thine own rash improuidence, or the ſpight of thine enemy, that impoueriſht, that defamed thee: it was the malignitie of ſome vnwholeſome diſh, or ſome groſſe corrupted aire that hath diſtempered thee. Ah, fooliſh Curre! why doeſt thou bite at the ſtone? which could neuer haue hurt thee, but from the hand that threw it. If I wound thee; what matters it, whether with mine owne sword, or thine,

or thine, or anothers? God ſtrikes ſom, immediately from heauen, with his owne arme, or with the arm of Angels: Others he buffets, with their owne hands: ſome, by the reuenging ſword of an enemie: others, with the fiſt of his dumb creatures. God ſtrikes, in all: His hand moues theirs. If thou ſee it not, blame thy carnall eyes. Why doeſt thou fault the inſtrument, while thou knoweſt the agent? Euen the dying theefe pardons the executioner, exclaimes on his

vniuſt Iudge, or his malicious accuſers. Either then blame the firſt mouer, or diſcharge the meanes. Which, as they could not haue touched thee, but as from him: ſo, from him they haue afflicted thee iuſtly; wrongfully perhaps, as in themſelues.

Sect. 13.

BVT, neither ſeemeth it enough, to be patient in croſſes, if we be not thākfull alſo. Good things

The third antidote of Croſſes

challenge more than bare contentmẽt. Crosses (vniustly tearmed euills) as they are sent of him, that is all goodnes: so they are sent for good; and his end cannot bee frustrate. What greater good can be to the diseased man, than fit & proper Physicke to recure him? Crosses are the onely medicines of sicke mindes. Thy sounde Body carryes, within it, a sicke Soule: thou feelest it not perhaps. So much more art thou sicke, and so much more dangerously. Perhaps, thou

labourest of some plethorie of Pride, or of some dropsie of Couetousnesse, or the Staggers of Inconstancie, or some feauer of Luxurie, or consumption of Enuye, or perhaps of the lethargie of Idlenesse, or of the phrensie of Anger: (It is a rare soule that hath not some notable disease.) Onely Crosses are thy Remedies: What, if they bee vnpleasant? They are Physicke. It is enough, if they bee wholsome. Not pleasant taste, but the secret vertue,

commends medicines. If they cure thee, they ſhall pleaſe thee, euen in diſpleaſing: or elſe thou loueſt thy palate, aboue thy Soule. What madneſs is this? when thou complaineſt of a bodily diſeaſe, thou ſendeſt to the Phyſician, that hee may ſende thee not ſauourie but wholeſome Potions: Thou receiueſt them, in ſpight of thine abhorring ſtomacke; and, withall, both thankeſt and rewardeſt the Phyſician: Thy ſoule is ſicke; Thy heauenly Phyſici-

an sees it, and pitties thee, ere thou thy selfe; and, vnsent-to, sendes thee not a plausible but a soueraigne remedie: thou loathest the sauor, and rather wilt hazard thy life, than offende thy palate; and, in stead of thankes, repinest at, reuilest the Physician. How comes it, that wee loue our selues so little (if, at least, we count our soules the best or any part) as that wee had rather vndergoe death, than paine; choosing rather wilfull sicknes, than an

harſh remedy? Surely, we men are meere fooles, in the eſtimation of our owne good: like children, our choiſe is led altogether by ſhowes; no whit, by ſubſtance: We crie after euery well-ſeeming toy: and put from vs ſolide profers of good things. The wiſe arbitrator of all things, ſees our folly, and corrects it: withholding our idle deſires, and forcing vpon vs the ſound good wee refuſe: It is ſecond folly in vs, if wee thanke him not. The fooliſh babe cries for his fathers

bright

bright knife, or gilded pills. The wiser father knowes, that they canne but hurt him; and therefore withholdes them after all his tears: the childe thinkes, he is vsed but vnkindely. Euerie wise man, and himselfe at more yeares, can say it was but childish folly, in desiring it, in complaining that hee missed it. The losse of wealth, friends, health, is sometimes gaine to vs. Thy body, thy estate, is worse; thy soule is better: why complainest thou?

Sect. 14.

The 4. and laſt part, from their iſſue.

NAy, it ſhal not bee enoughe (me thinks) if onely wee be but contented & thankfull, if not alſo cheerfull, in afflictions; if that, as wee feele their paine, ſo we looke to their end: although indeed this is not more requiſite, than rarely found; as being proper one'y to the good hart. Euery bird can ſing in a cleare heauen, in a temperate ſpring: that one, as moſt familiar, ſo

is moſt commẽded, that ſings merry notes in the midſt of a ſhowr, or the dead of winter. Euery Epicure canne enlarge his heart to mirth, in the midſt of his cups, and daliance: Onely the three children can ſing in the furnace, *Paul* and *Silas* in the ſtocks, Martyrs at the ſtake. It is from heauen, that this ioy comes, ſo contrary to al earthly occaſions; bred in the faithfull heart, through a ſerious & feeling reſpect to the iſſue of what he feels; the quiet and vntroubled fruit of his righ-

teouſneſſe,

reouſneſſe, glorie, the crowne after his fight, after his minute of paine eternitie of ioy. Hee neuer lookt ouer the threſhold of heauen, that cannot more reioyce that he ſhall be glorious, than mourne in preſent that hee is miſerable.

Sect. 15.

Of the importunitie and terrour of Death.

YEa, this conſideration is ſo powerfull, that it alone is able to make a part, againſt the feare or ſenſe of the laſt and greateſt

of

of all Terribles, Death it selfe: which (in the Conscience of his owne dreadfulnesse) iustly laughs at all the vaine humane precepts of Tranquillitie; appalling the most resolute, and vexing the most cheerefull Mindes. Neither profane *Lucretius* (with all his Epicurean rules of Cõfidence) nor drunken *Anacreon* (with all his wanton Odes) can shift off the importunate, and violent horror of this aduersarie: Seest thou the Chaldean Tyraunt, beset with the sacred

brawles of *Ierusalem*, the late spoiles of Gods Temple? and (in contempt of their owner) carousing healths to his Queenes, Concubines, Peeres? singing, amids his cups, triumphant carols of praise to his molten and carued Gods? Wouldest thou euer suspect, that this hie courage could bee abated? or, that this sumptuous and presumptuous banquet (after so royall and iocond continuance) should haue any other conclusion, but pleasure? Stay but one houre lon-

ger, and thou ſhalt ſee that face, that now ſhines with a ruddy gloſſe (according to the colour of his liquor) looke pale and gaſtly, ſtayned with the colours of feare and death; and that proud hand, which now lifts vp his maſſie Goblets in defiance of God, tremble like a leafe in a Storm; and thoſe ſtrong knees, which neuer ſtooped to the burden of their laden bodie, now not able to beare vppe themſelues: but, looſened with a ſudden palſie of

teare, one knocking against the other. And all this, for that Death writes him a Letter of ſummons, to appeare that night before him; and, accordingly, ere the next Sun, ſent two *Eunuches* for his honourable cõueyance into an other world. Where now are thoſe delicate morſells, thoſe deepe draughts, thoſe mery ditties, wherwith the palate and eare ſo pleaſed themſelues? What is now becomeof all thoſe cheareful looks, looſe laughters, ſtately port, reuells, triumphes

of the feasting Court? Why doth none of his gallant Nobles reuiue the fainted courage of their Lord with a new cuppe? or, with some stirring iest, shake him out of this vnseasonable Melancholie? O death! how imperious art thou, to carnall mindes? aggrauating their miseries, not onely by Expectation of future payne, but by the Remembrance of the wonted causes of their ioy; and not suffering them to see ought, but what may torment them.

Euen that monster of *Cesars*, that had beene so well acquainted with blood, and neuer had found better sport than in cutting of throats; when now it came to his owne turne, how effeminate, how desperatly cowardous did hee showe himselfe! to the wonder of all Readers; that he, which was euer so valiant in killing, should bee so womanishly hartlesse in dying.

Sect. 16.

THere are, that fear not so much to be dead, as to dye; the very act of dissolution frighting them with a tormenting expectation of a short, but intolerable painfulnes. Which let, if the wisedome of God had not interposed to timerous nature, there would haue beene many more *Lucreces*, *Cleopatraes*, *Achitophels*; and good lawes should haue found little opportunitie of exe-

The grounds of the feare of death.

cution,

cution, through the wilfull funeralls of malefactors. For, the ſoule, that comes into the body without any (at leaſt ſenſible) pleaſure, departs not frō it without an extreamitie of paine: which, varying according to the manner and meanes of ſeparatiō, yet in all violent deathes eſpecially, retaineth a violence not to be auoyded, hard to bee indured. And if Diſeaſes (which are deſtin'd towardes Death, as their end) be ſo painefull; what muſt the end & perfection of Di-

ſeaſes be? ſince, as Diſeaſes are the maladies of the bodie; ſo Death is the maladie of Diſeaſes. There are, that feare not ſo much to die, as to be dead. If ỹ pang be bitter, yet it is but ſhort: the comfortleſs ſtate of the dead, ſtrikes ſome that could wel reſolue for the act of their paſſage. Not the worſt of the heathen Emperours, made that moanefull dittie on his death-bed, wherin he bewrayeth (to all memory) much feeling pittie of his ſoule, for her doubtfull and impotent con-

Ὦ πόι, ποτε κοῖσομα, &c.

dition after hir parture? How doth *Platos* worldling bewaile the miserie of the graue, besides all respect of paine! *Wo is me, that I shall lie alone, rotting in the silent earth, amongst the crawling wormes; not seeing ought aboue, not seene.* Verie not-being is sufficiently abhorred of Nature, if death had no more to make it fearefull: But, those that haue liued vnder light enough, to showe them the gates of hell, after their passage through the gates of death (and

haue

haue learned, that death is not onely horrible for our not being here, but for being infinitely, eternally miserable in a future world; nor so much for the dissolution of life, as the beginning of torment) those cannot without the certaine hope of their immunitie, but carnally feare to die, and hellishly fear to be dead. For, if it be such paine to dye; what is it, to be euer dying? and if the strayning or luxation of one ioynt, can so afflict vs; what shall the racking of the whole body,

and the torturing of the ſoule? whoſe animation, alone, makes the body to feele and complaine of ſmarte. And, if men haue deuiſed ſuch exquiſite torments; what can ſpirits, more ſubtile, more malitious? And, if our momentanie ſufferings ſeeme long; how long ſhall that be, that is eternall? And, if the ſorrowes, indifferently incident to Gods deare ones vpon earth, bee ſo extreame as ſometimes to driue them within ſight of deſpairing; what ſhall thoſe bee, that are re-

ſerued only for thoſe that hate him, and that hee hateth? None, but thoſe who haue heard the deſperate complaintes of ſome guiltie *Spira*, or whoſe ſoules haue been a little ſcorched with theſe flames, can enough conceiue of the horror of this eſtate; it beeing the policie of our common enemy to conceal it ſo long, that we may ſee & feel it at once: leaſt wee ſhould feare it, before it be too late to bee auoided.

Sect. 17.

Remedie of the last & greatest breach of Peace, arising from Death.

NOw, when this great aduersary, like a proude Giant, comes stalking out in his feareful shape, and insults ouer our frail mortalitie, daring the World to match him with an equall champion; whiles a whole hoaste of worldlinges showe him their backs for feare, the true Christian (armed onely with confidence) and resolution of his future happines) dares boldly

encoun-

encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted ſeate of terror) and trampling vppon him canne cut-off his head with his owne ſworde; and, victoriouſly returning, can ſing in Triumph, *Oh death where is thy ſting?* An happie victorie! wee die, and are not foiled: yea, wee are conquerors in dying: we could not ouercome death, if wee died not. That diſſolution is well beſtowed, that parts the ſoule frō the body, that it may vnite both to god.

Augustine.

All our life here (as that heauenly Doctor well tearmes it) *is but a vitall death.* How aduantageous is that death, that determines this false and dying life, and beginnes a true one, aboue all the titles of happinesse! The Epicure, or Saducee, dare not dye, for feare of not being. The guiltie and loose worldling dare not dye, for feare of being miserable. The distrustfull and doubting semi-christian dare not dye, because hee knowes not, whether hee shall bee, or bee

miſerable, or not bee at all: The reſolued Chriſtian dare and would dye, becauſe he knowes hee ſhall bee happie; and, looking merrily towards heauen (the place of his reſt) can vnfainedly ſay, I deſire to bee diſſolued: I ſee thee my home, I ſee thee. (A ſweete and glorious home, after a weary pilgrimage) I ſee thee: and now, after many lingring hopes, I aſpire to thee: How oft haue I looked-vp at thee, with admiration, and rauiſhment of

soule! and, by the godly beames that I haue seene, ghessed at the glorye that is aboue them! Howe oft haue I scorned these dead and vnpleasant pleasures of earth, in comparison of thine! I come now, my Ioyes, I come to possesse you: I come, through paine and death; Yea, if Hell it selfe were in the way betwixt you & me, I would passe through Hell it selfe, to enioy you. And (in truth if that Heathen *Cleombrotus* (a follower of the ancient *Academie*) but vppon

Tul. Tuscul. Callimach. Epigram.

only

only reading of his Maſter *Platoes* diſcourſes of the Immortalitie of the Soule, could caſt down himſelfe headlong from an hie Rocke, and wilfully breake his necke, that hee might bee poſſeſſed of that *Immortalitie* which he beleeued to followe vpon Death; how contented ſhoulde they be to die, that know they ſhall be (more then *immortall*) glorious? He went, not in an hate of the fleſh, as the *Patrician* hereticks of olde; but in a blind loue to his ſoule, out of bare opinion:

Auguſt. de Hæreſ.

Wee, vppon an holy loue, grounded vpon assured knowledge. He, vpon an opinion of future life; wee, on knowledge of future glory. Hee went, vnsent for; wee, called-for, by our Maker. Why should his courage exceede ours? since our ground, our estate so farre exceedes his. Euen this Age, within the reach of our memorie, bred that peremptorie Italian, which in imitation of the old Romane courage (lest, in that degenerated nation, there

should

ſhould bee no ſtep left of the qualities of their Anceſtours) entring vpon his tormēt for killing a Tyrant, cheared himſelf with this confidence; My death is ſharpe: my fame ſhall bee euerlaſting. The voyce of a Romane; not of a Chriſtian. My fame ſhall bee eternall: an idle comfort. My fame ſhall liue; not my ſoule liue to ſee it: What ſhall it auaile thee to be talkt of, while thou art not? Then fame onely is pretious when a man liues to enioy it: The fame,

Mors acerba, Fama perpetua.

that ſuruiues the ſoule, is bootleſs. Yet, euen this hope cheared him againſt the violence of his death: what ſhould it doe vs, that (not our fame, but) our life, our glory after death, cannot die? He, that hath *Stephens* eys to look into heauen, cannot but haue the tongue of the Saintes, *Come Lord: How long?* That man, ſeeing the glory of the end, cannot but contemne the hardneſs of the way: But, who wants thoſe eyes, if He ſay and ſweare, that hee feares not death; beleeue

him

him not: If hee proteſt his *Tranquillitie*, and yet feare death; beleeue him not: Beleeue him not, if he ſay he is not miſerable.

Sect. 18.

Theſe are Enemies on the left hande. There want not ſome, on the right: which, with leſs profeſſion of hoſtilitie, hurt no leſs; Not ſo eaſily perceiued, becauſe they diſtemper the minde, not without ſome kinde of pleaſure.

The ſecond rāke of the enemies of Peace.

Sur-

Surfeite kills more than famine. Theſe are the *ouer-deſiring* and *ouer-ioying* of theſe earthly things. *All immoderations are enemies, as to health ſo to peace. Hee, that deſires, wants as much, as he that hath nothing. The drunken man is as thirſtie, as the ſweating traueller.* Hence are the ſtudies, cares, feares, ielouſies, hopes, griefes, enuies, wiſhes, platforms of atchieuing, alteratiõs of purpoſes, and a thouſand like: whereof each one is inough to make the life troubleſome.

Hippocr. Aphoriſ.

One

One is ſicke of his neighbour fielde, whoſe miſſhapen angles disfigure his, and hinder his Lordſhip of entireneſſe: what he hath, is not regarded; for the want of what he cannot haue. Another feeds on cruſts, to purchace what hee muſt leaue (perhaps) to a foole, or (which is not much better) to a prodigall heyr. Another, in the extreamitie of couetous folly, chooſes to die an vnpitied death; hanging himſelfe, for the fall of the market: while the Commons laugh at

that losse, and in their speaches epitaphe vpon him, as on the Pope; *Hee liued as a Wolfe, and dyed as a dog.* One cares not what attendance hee daunces at all houres, on whose stairs he sits, what vices hee sooths, what deformities he imitates, what seruile offices hee dooth, in an hope to rise. Another stomackes the couered head, and stiffe knee, of his inferiour; angry, that other men think him not so good, as hee thinkes himselfe. Another eates his owne heart, with enuie at the

richer furniture, and better eſtate, or more honor of his neighbour; thinking his owne not good, becauſe another hath better. Another vexeth himſelfe with a word of diſgrace, paſt from the mouth of an enemie: which hee neyther can digeſt, nor caſt-vp; reſolving, becauſe another will bee his enemie, to be his owne. Theſe humours are as manifolde, as there are men that ſeeme proſperous. For the auoiding of al which ridiculous & yet ſpightfull inconueniences, the

The firſt remedie of an ouer-proſperous eſtate.

The vanity and vnprofitablenesse of riches;

minde

the first enemy on the right hand.

Minde must be settled in a persuasion of ỹ worthlesnes of these outward things. Let it knowe, that these riches haue made many prouder, none better; That, as neuer man was, so neuer wise man thoght himself better for inioying them. Woulde that wise Philosopher haue cast his golde into the Sea, if he had not knowen hee should liue more happilie without it? If hee knewe not the vse of riches, hee was no wise man: if he knew not the best way to quietnes, he

Socrates.

A proofe, that with *Christians* deserues no credit; but with heathens cõmaunds it.

was

was no Philoſopher: Now, euen by the voice of their oracle, hee was confeſſed to be both; yet caſt away his gold, that hee might bee happie. Woulde that wiſe Prophet haue praied aſwell againſt riches, as pouertie? Woulde ſo manie great men (whereof our litle Iland hath yielded 9. crowned kings, while it was held of olde by the *Saxons*) after they had cõtinued their life in the Throne, haue ended it in the Cel, & changed their ſcepter for a booke: if they could haue foũd as much

felicitie in the hyeſt eſtate, as ſecuritie in the loweſt? I heare *Peter* and *Iohn* (the eldeſt and deereſt Apoſtles) ſay, Golde and ſiluer haue I none: I heare the Diuell ſay, All theſe will I giue thee; and they are mine, to giue. Whether ſhall I deſire to bee in the ſtate of theſe ſaints, or that Diuell? Hee was therefore a better husband, than a philoſopher, that firſt tearmed riches *Goods:* and hee mended the title well, that (adding a fit epithete) called them

Goods

Goods of *Fortune*; False goods, ascribed to a false Patron. There is no Fortune, to giue or guide riches: there is no true goodnes in riches, to be guided. His meaning then was (as I can interpret it) to teach vs, in this title; that *It is a chance, if euer riches were good to any*. In summe, who would account those as riches, or those riches as goods, which hurt the owner, disquiet others? which the worst haue; which the best haue not: which those, that haue not, want not:

which those want, that haue them: which are lost in a night; and a man is not worse, when hee hath lost them. It is true of them, that wee say of fire and water; *They are good Seruants, ill Masters.* Make them thy *Slaues*; they shall bee goods indeed: in vse, if not in nature; good to thy selfe, good to others by thee: but, if they be thy *Masters*, thou hast condemned thy selfe to thine owne *Gallies. If a Seruant rule, he proues a Tyrant.* What madnesse is this? thou hast made thy selfe, at

once,

once, a ſlaue and a foole. What if thy chaines be of golde? or if, with *Heliogabalus*, thou haſt made thee ſilken halters? Thy Seruitude may be more glorious: it is no leſs miſerable.

Sect. 19.

HOnour, perhaps is yet better; ſuch is the confuſed opinion of thoſe that knowe little: but, a diſtinct & curious head ſhal finde an hard taske, to define in what point

The ſecõd enemie on the right hand, Honor.

the goodneſſe thereof conſiſteth. Is it in hye deſcent of blood? I wold thinke ſo, if Nature were tyed, by any law, to produce children like qualitied to their parents: But, although in the brute creatures ſhee bee euer thus regular, that yee ſhall neuer finde a yong pigeon hatched in an eagles neaſt; neither can I thinke that true (or if true, it was monſtrous) that *Nicippus* his ſheepe ſhould yeane a Lyon: yet, in the beſt creature (which hath his forme, and her attending qua-

lities,

lities, from aboue) with a likenes of face and features, is commonly founde an vnlikenes of disposition: Onely the earthly part followes y seede; wisedome, valour, vertue are of another beginning. Shall I bow to a molten calfe, because it was made of golden earings? Shall I condemn all Honor of the first head (thoypon neuer so noble deseruing) because it can shew nothing, before it selfe, but a white shielde? If *Cæsar*, or *Agathocles*, be a Potters sonne, shall

Olimpia. Dieg. Laert.

I contemne him? Or if wise *Bion* be the sonne of an infamous Curtizan, shal the censorious Lawyer race him off the Catalogue, with *Partus sequitur ventrē?* Lastly, shall I accoūt that good, which is incident to the worst? Either therfore *Greatnes* must showe som charter, wherin it is priuiledged with succesſiō of vertue; or else the goodnes of Honor cannot consist in blood. Is it then in the admiration & hie opinion that others haue conceiued of thee; which drawes al dutiful respect,

and

and humble offices from them, to thee? O fickle good, that is euer in the keeping of others! especially of the vnstable vulgar, that beast of many heads: whose diuided tongues, as they neuer agree with each other; so seldom (whē euer) agree long with thēselues. Do we not see the superstitious *Listrians*, that erewhile would make *Paul* a God, against his wil; & in deuout zeal drew crowned buls to the altars of their new *Iupiter* & *Mercury*? violence can scarce hold them frō sacrificing

to him: now, not manie houres after, gather vp ſtones againſt him; hauing in their cõceits turned him, frõ a God, into a Malefactor; & are ready to kill him, in ſtead of killing a ſacrifice to him. Such is the Multitude; & ſuch, the ſteadineſſe of their Honour. There then onely is true Honour, where blood and vertue meete together: the *greatneſſe* wherof is from blood; the *goodneſſe*, from vertue. Reioyce, ye great men, that your bloud is ennobled with the vertues and de-

sertes of your Auncestors. This only is yours: this only challengeth all vnfained respect of your Inferiours. *Count it praise-worthy, not that you haue, but that you deserue honour.* Blood may be tainted: the opinion of the vulgar cānot be constant: only vertue is euer like it selfe,& only wins reuerence, euen of those that hate it. Without which *greatnes* is as a beacon of vice,to draw mens eyes the more to behold it: and those that see it, dare loath it; tho they dare not censure it.

So, while the knee bendeth, ỹ minde abhorreth; and telleth the body, it honors an vnworthy ſubiect: within it ſelf, ſecretly comparing that vicious great man (on whom his ſubmiſſe curteſie is caſt-away) to ſom goodly faire-bound *Senecaes* Tragedies, that is curiouſly gilded without: which if a man open, he ſhall finde *Thyeſtes* the toomb of his own children; or *Oedipus* the husband of his own mother; or ſome ſuch monſtrous part: which he (at once) reades, and hates.

Sect. 20.

LET him thinke, that not onely these outwarde things are not in themselues good; but, that they expose their owners to miserie. For, besides that God vsually punisheth our ouer-loving them, with their losse (because he thinks them vnworthy riuals to himselfe, who challengeth all height of loue, as his onely right) so that the way to lose, is to loue much; the largnes more-

The secõd remedie of ouer-ioyed prosperitie.

ouer either of affection, or eſtate; makes an open way to ruine. While a man walkes on plaine ground, hee falls not; or, if he fall, hee doth but meaſure his length on the ground, and riſe againe without harm: but he, that climbeth hie, is in danger of falling; and, if he fall, of killing. All the ſailes, hoiſed, giue vantage to a tempeſt; which (through the mariners foreſight, giuing timely roome thereto) by their fall, deliuer the veſſell from the danger of that guſt, whoſe rage

now paſſeth-ouer with onely beating her with waues, for anger that he was preuented: So, the the larger our eſtate is, the fairer marke hath Miſchiefe giuen to hit; and(which is worſe,that which makes vs ſo eaſie to hit,makes our wound more deepe & grieuous. If poor *Codrus* his houſe burne,he ſtands-by, and warmes him with the flame:becauſe heknowes it is but the loſſe of an outſide;which(by gathering ſome few ſtickes, ſtraw,& clay) may with little labour,and no coſt,

be repaired: But, when ỳ many lofts of the rich man doe one giue fire to another; he cries-out, one while of his counting houſe, another while of his ward-robe, then of ſom noted cheſt, and ſtraight of ſome rich Cabinet: and, lamenting both the frame and the furniture, is therefore impatient becauſe hee had ſomething.

Sect. 21.

The vanity of Pleaſure; the third enemy on the right hand.

But, if there bee any Sorcereſs vpon earth, it is Pleaſure: which ſo inchanteth the mindes of

men,

men, and worketh ỹ diſturbance of our Peace, with ſuch ſecret delight; that fooliſh men thinke this want of *Tranquillitie*, Happineſs. She turneth men into ſwine, with ſuch ſweet charms; that they would not change their brutiſh nature, for their former reaſon. It is a good vnquietneſſe (ſay they) that contenteth: It is a good enemie, that profiteth. Is it any wonder, that men ſhold be ſottiſh, whē their reaſon is maſtred with ſenſuality? Thou fool, thy pleaſure contents thee:

How much? How long? If ſhee haue not more befriended thee, than euer ſhee did any earthly fauorite: yea, if ſhee haue not giuen thee more, than ſhe hath her ſelfe; thy beſt delight hath had ſome mixture of diſcontentment. For, either ſom circumſtance croſſeth thy deſire, or the inward diſtaſte of thy cõſciẽce (checking thy appetite) permits thee not any entire fruition of thy ioy. Euen the ſweeteſt of all flowers hath his thorns: and, who can determine whether the

ſent be more delectable, or the pricks more yrkſome? It is inough for Heauẽ, to haue abſolute pleaſures: which, if they could be found here below; certainly, that Heauen, which is now not inough deſired, would then bee feared. God will haue our pleaſures here (according to the faſhion of our ſelues) compounded; ſo as the beſt delights may ſtill ſauour of their earth. See, how that great King, which neuer had any match for wiſdõ, ſcarce euer any ſuperiour for

wealth,

wealth, trauerſed ouer all this inferiour world, with diligent inquiry, & obſeruation: and all, to finde-out that goodnes of the children of men which they enioy vnder the Sunne; abbridging himſelf of nothing, that either his eyes, or his hart cold ſuggeſt to him: (as what is it, that he cold not either knowe or purchaſe?) and now comming home to himſelfe (after the diſquiſition of all naturall and humane things) complaines, that *Behold all is* not only *vanitie*, but *vexation*. Go

then, thou wiſe ſcholler of experience: & make a more accurat ſearch, for that which he ſought, & miſſed. Perhaps, ſomewher (betwixt the talleſt Cedar in Lebanon, & the ſhrubby Hyſſop on the wall) Pleaſure ſhrouded her ſelfe, that ſhe could not be deſcried of him; whether through ignorance, or negligence: Thine inſight may bee more pearcing, thy means more cõmodious thy ſucceſſe happier. If it were poſſible, for any man to intertaine ſuch hopes, his vain experiẽce

could not make him a greater foole: it could but teach him what hee is, and knoweth not. And yet, ſo imperfect as our pleaſures are, they haue their ſatietie: and, as their *Continuance* is not good; ſo their *Concluſion* is worſe. Looke to their end: and ſee, how ſuddaine, how bitter it is. Their only *Curteſie* is, to ſalute vs with a *Farewell*; and ſuch a one, as makes their ſalutation vncomfortable. This *Dalila* ſhowes and ſpeaks faire: but, in the ende ſhee will bereaue thee of thy

ſtrength,

ſtrength, of thy ſight, yea of thy ſeiſe. Theſe gnats flie about thine eares, & make thee muſicke, awhile: but euermore they ſting, ere they part. Sorrow, and *Repentance*, is the beſt end of *Pleaſure*: *Paine* is yet worſe; but, the worſt is *Deſpaire*. If thou miſſe of the firſt of theſe, one of the later ſhall finde thee; perhaps, both. *How much better is it for thee, to want a little honey, thã to be ſwolne vp with a venimous ſting?*

Thus then, the minde reſolued, that theſe earthly thinges (*Honours*,

Wealth,

Wealth, Pleaſures) are caſuall, vnſtable, deceitfull, imperfect, daungerous; muſt learne to vſe them without truſt, and to want them without griefe: thinking ſtill; If I haue them, I haue ſom benefitte with a great charge: If I haue them not; with little reſpect of others, I haue much ſecuritie and eaſe, in my ſelfe: which once obtained, wee cannot fare amiſſe in either eſtate; &, without which, we cannot but miſcary in both.

Sect.

Sect. 22.

ALL the enemies of our inwarde Peace, are thus deſcried & diſcomfited. Which done, wee haue enough to preſerue vs from miſerie: but (ſince wee more-ouer ſeeke how to liue well and happily) there yet remaine thoſe *Poſitiue rules*, whereby our *Tranquillitie* may bee both had, continued and confirmed. Wherein, I feare not leſt I ſhould ſeeme ouer-diuine, in

Poſitiue Rules of our Peace.

caſting

caſting the Anchor of Quietnes ſo deep as Heauen (the only ſeat of conſtancie); whiles it can finde no holde at all, vpon Earth. *All earthly things are full of variablenes:* and therefore, hauing no ſtay in themſelues, can giue none to vs. He, that will haue & hold right *Tranquillitie*, muſt finde in himſelfe a ſweet fruition of God, & a feeling apprehenſiō of his preſence; that, whē he findes manifolde occaſions of vexation in theſe earthly things, hee (ouer-looking them all,

and

and hauing recourſe to his Comforter) may finde in him ſuch matter of contentment, that hee may paſſe-ouer all theſe pettie grieuances, with Contempt: which whoſoeuer wants, may be ſecure, cannot be quiet. The minde of man cannot want ſome refuge, and (as wee ſay of the Elephant) cannot reſt, vnleſſe it haue ſomthing to leane vppon. The *couetous man* (whoſe heauen is his cheſt) when hee heares himſelfe rated & curſed for oppreſſion, coms home;

and,

and, seeing his bags safe, applauds himselfe against all censures. The *Glutton*, when hee loseth friends or good name; yet ioyeth in his full-furnisht table, & the laughter of his wine: more pleasing himselfe in some one dish, than hee can be greeued with all the worlds mis-cariage. The *needie Scholler* (whose wealth lies all in his brain) cheares himselfe against iniquitie of times, with the conceit of his knowledge. These starting holes the minde cannot want,

when

when it is hard driuen. Now, when as, like to some chased *Sisera*, it shrowdes it selfe vnder the harbour of these *Iaels*; altho they giue it house-roome, and milke for a time, yet at last either they entertaine it with a nail in the temples, or (being guiltie to their own impotencie) send it out of themselues, for safetie and peace. For, if the Crosse light in that, which it made his refuge (as, if the couetous man be crossed in his riches) what earthly thing can stay him

from

from a desperate phrensie? Or, if the Crosse fall in a degree aboue the height of his staie; as, if the rich man be sicke or dying (wherin, al wealth is either contemned, or remẽbred with anguish) how do all his comforts (like vermine, from an house on fire) runne away from him, and leaue him ouer to his ruine! whiles the Soule, that hath placed his refuge aboue, is sure that the ground of his comfort cannot be matched with an earthly sorrowe, cannot be made variable by

the change of any euent; but, is infinitely aboue al casualtyes, and without all vncertainties. What state is there, wherein this heauenly stay shall not afforde me, not only Peace, but Ioy? Am I in Prison? or in the Hell of prisons (in som darke, lowe, and desolate Dungeon)? Loe there, *Algerius* (that sweet Martyr) finds more light than aboue; and pitties the darknes of our libertie. Wee haue but a Sunne to enlighten our world, which euery cloud dimmeth, and hideth from

Pompon. Alger. Fox. Martyr.

our eies: but, the father of lights (in respect of whome, all the bright starres of heauen are but as the snuffe of a dimme candle) shines into his pit; & the presence of his glorious Angels makes that an Heauen to him, which ỳ world purposed as an Hell of discomfort. What *walles* can keepe out that infinite Spirit, that filles all things? What *darkenesse* can be, where the God of this sunne dwelleth? what *sorrow* where hee comforteth? Am I wandering in banishment? Can I go

whither

whither GOD is not? what Sea can diuide betwixt him and me? Then would I feare exile, if I could be driuen away aſwell from God, as my Country. Now he is as much in all earthes: His title is alike to all places; and mine in him: His Sun ſhines to mee; his Sea or Earth beares me vp; his preſence cheareth mee, whitherſoeuer I goe. *He cannot be ſaid to flitte, that neuer changeth his Hoſte.* He alone is a thouſand companions: he alone is a world of friends. That man

neuer knew what it was to be familiar with God, that complaines of the want of home, of friends, of companions; while God is with him. Am I contemned of the world? It is inough, for me, that I am honored of God: of both, I cannot. The world would loue me more, if I were lesse friends with God. It cannot hate me so much, as God hates it. *What care I to bee hated of them, whom God hateth?* He is vnworthy of Gods *fauor*, that cannot think *it* happynesse enough, without

the worlds. How eaſie is it for ſuch a man, whiles the world diſgraces him, at once to ſcorne and pitty it, That it cannot thinke nothing more contemptible than it ſelfe? I am impouetiſhed with loſſes: That was neuer throughly good, that may be loſt. My riches will not leeſe mee: yea, tho I forgo al, to my skin, yet haue I not loſt any part of my wealth. For, *If he bee rich that hath ſomthing; how rich is he, that hath the maker & owner of al things! I am weak & diſeaſed in body: He cannot*

miscarry, that hath his Maker for his Physician. Yet, my Soule (the better part) is sound; for, *That cannot be weake, whose strength God is.* How many are sicke in that, and complaine not? I can be content to be let blood in the arme or foot, for the curing of the head or heart. The health of the principall part is more ioy to mee, than it is trouble to be distempered in the inferiour. Let me knowe that *GOD fauours* me: then haue I *libertie* in Prison, *home* in Banish-

ment,

ment, *honor* in Contempt in Losses *wealth*, *health* in Infirmitie, *life* in Death; &, in all these, *happinesse*. And (surelie) if our perfect fruition of GOD bee our compleate heauen; it must needes bee, that our inchoate conuersing with him is our heauen imperfectly, and the entrance into the other: which (mee thinks) differs from this, not in the kinde of it, but in degree. For the continuation of which happy society (sith strangenesse leeseth acquain-

tance and breedeth neglect) on our parte must bee a dayly renuing of heauenly familiaritie; by seeking him vp, euen with the contempt of all inferiour distraction; by talking with him, in our secret inuocations; by hearing his conference with vs; and by mutuall intertainment of each other, in the sweete discourses of our dayly meditations. *Hee is a sullen and vnsociable friende, that wants words.* God shal take no pleasure in vs, if wee bee silent. *The*

heart, that is full of loue, cannot but haue a buſie tongue. All our talke, with god, is either Suites or Thankes. In them, the Chriſtian hart pours out it ſelfe to his maker; and would not change this priuiledge, for a world. All his annoyances, all his wants, all his diſlikes, are poured into the boſome of his inuiſible friend; who likes vs ſtill ſo much more, as we aske more, as wee complaine more. Oh the eaſie and happy recourſe, that the poore ſoule hath, to the hye

throne of heauen! Wee ſtay not for the holding out of a golden ſcepter, to warne our admiſſion; before which, our preſence ſhould be preſumption and death. No houre is vnſeaſonable, no perſon too baſe, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no importunitie too great. Wee ſpeake familiarly: wee are heard, anſwered, cõforted. Another while GOD interchangeably ſpeakes vnto vs, by the ſecret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible ſound of his word: wee heare,

adore,

adore, aunſwere him. By both which, the minde ſo communicates it ſelfe to God, and hath God ſo plentifully communicated vnto it; that hereby it growes to ſuch an habite of heauenlineſſe, as that now it wants nothing, but diſſolution, of full Glorie.

Sect. 23.

OVT of this main ground, once ſettled in the heart (like as ſo many Riuers, from

The ſubordinate rules of Tranquillitie.

one

one common Sea) ſlowe thoſe ſubordinate Reſolutions, which wee require as neceſſary to our Peace; whether *in reſpect of our actions, or our eſtate.* For our actions, there muſt bee a ſecret *Vow*, paſſed in the Soule, both of conſtant *Refraining* from whatſoeuer may offend that Maieſtie wee reſt vpon, and (aboue this) of true and Canonicall *Obedience* to God; without all care of difficultie, and in ſpight of all contradictions of Nature. Not out of the

1. For actions.

con-

confidence of our owne power: (Impotent men, who are wee, that wee ſhould either vow or performe?) But, as hee ſaide; *Giue what thou bidſt, and bid what thou wilt.* Hence, the courage of *Moſes* durſt venture his hand, to take vp the crawling and hiſſing Serpent. Hence, *Peter* durſt walke vpon the Pauement of the waues. Hence, that Heroicall ſpirit of *Luther* (a man made of metall, fit for ſo great a worke) durſt reſolue and profeſſe to enter into that fore-war-

ned

ned Citie, tho there had beene as many diuells in their ſtreetes, as tiles on their houſes. Both theſe vowes, as we once ſolemnly made, by others; ſo, for our Peace, muſt wee renew, in our ſelues. Thus the experienced minde, both knowing that it hath met with a good friend, and withall what the price of a friend is; cannot but be carefull to retaine him, and wary of diſpleaſing: and therefore (to cut-off all daungers of variance) voluntarily takes a dou-

ble oath of alleageance (of it ſelfe) to GOD: which neither *benefit* ſhall induce vs to break, if wee might gaine a world; not *feare* vrge vs thereto, tho wee muſt leeſe our ſelues. The wauering heart, that findes continuall combates in it ſelfe betwixt Pleaſure and Conſcience, ſo equally matched that neither gets the day, is not yet capable of Peace; and, whether euer ouercommeth, is troubled both with reſiſtance and victorie. Barren *Rebecca* found

more eaſe, than when her twins ſtruggled in her wombe. If *Iacob* had beene there alone, ſhee had not complained of that painefull contention. One while Pleaſure holdes the Fort, and Conſcience aſſaults it: Which, when it hath entered (at laſt) by ſtrong hand, after many batteries of iudgements denounced; ere long, Pleaſure either corrupts the Watch, or by ſome cunning ſtratageme, findes way to recouer her firſt holde. So, one part is euer attempting, and

euer

euer reſiſting. Betwixt both, the heart cannot haue Peace; becauſe it reſolues not. For, while the Soule is helde in ſuſpence, it cannot enioy the Pleaſure it vſeth; becauſe it is halfe taken vp with Feare. Onely, a ſtrong and reſolute repulſe of pleaſure, is truly pleaſant. For, therein, the Conſcience (filling vs with heauenly delight) maketh ſweet Triumphes in it ſelfe; as beeing nowe the Lorde of his owne dominions, and knowing vvhat to truſt-to.

No man knowes the pleaſure of this thought, *I haue done well*, but hee that hath felt it: and hee that hath felt it, contemnes all pleaſure to it. It is a falſe ſlander, raiſed on Chriſtianitie, That it maketh men dũpiſh & melancholicke: for, therefore are wee heauy, becauſe wee are not enough Chriſtians. Wee haue religion enough, to miſlike pleaſures; not enough, to ouercome them: But, if we be once Conquerers ouer our ſelues, and haue deuoted our ſelues, who-

ly to God; there can bee nothing, but heauenly mirth, in the Soule. Loe, heere, ye Phylosophers, the true musicke of heauen; which the good hart continually heareth, and answeres it in the iust measures of ioy. Others may talke of mirth, as a thing they haue harde of or vainely fancied: Onely the Christian feeles it; and, in comparison therof, scorneth the idle, ribaldish, and scurrilous mirth of the profane.

Sect. 24.

1. Rule for our Actions.

AND this Reſolution, which wee call for, muſt not only exclude manifeſtly euill actions; but alſo *Doubting* and ſuſpenſion of minde, in actions ſuſpected; and queſtionable: wherein the iudgement muſt euer giue confident determination, one way. For, this Tranquillitie conſiſteth in a ſteadineſs of the minde: and how

can

can that veſſell which is beaten vppon, by contrary waues and windes (and tottereth to either part) bee ſaid to keepe a ſteadie courſe? *Reſolution is the onely mother of Securitie.* For inſtance; I ſee, that *Vſurie*, which was wont to be condemned for no better then a *Legall theeft*, hath now obtained (with many) the reputation of an *honeſt trade*; and is both vſed by many, and by ſome defended. It is pittie that a bad practice ſhould finde any learned

or religious Patron. The ſumme of my patrimonie lieth dead by mee, ſealed vp in the bagge of my father: my thriftier friendes aduiſe me to this eaſie and ſure improuement. Their counſell and my gaine preuaile; my yearely ſummes come-in with no coſt, but of time, wax, parchment. My eſtate likes it well: better then my Conſcience; which tels mee ſtill, hee doubts *My trade is too eaſie to be honeſt:* Yet I continue my illiberall courſe, not without ſome ſcruple

and

and contradiction: so as my feare of offence, hinders the ioy of my profit; and the pleasure of my gaine, hartens mee against the feare of iniustice. I would bee rich, with ease: & yet I would not be vncharitable, I would not bee vniust. All the while, I liue in vnquiet doubts, and distraction: Others are not so much entangled in my bonds, as I in my owne. At last (that I may bee both iust and quiet) I conclude to referre this case wholly to the sentence of my inward

Iudge,

Iudge, the *Conſcience*. The Aduocates, *Gaine* and *Iuſtice*, pleade on either part, at this Barre, with doubtfull ſucceſſe. *Gaine* informes ỳ Iudge of a new & nice diſtinction, of *toothleſſe*, and *biting Intereſt*; and brings preſidents of particular caſes of Vſurie, ſo farre from anie breach of Charity or Iuſtice, that *both parts (therein) confeſſe themſelues aduantaged*: *Iuſtice* pleads, euen *the moſt toothleſſe Vſurie to haue ſharpe gummes*; and findes, in the moſt harmeleſſe and

profitable practice of it, an insensible wrong to the common body; besides the infinite wracks of priuate estates. The weake Iudge suspends, in such probable allegations, and demurreth; as being ouercome of both, and of neither part: and leaues me yet no whit more quiet, no whit lesse vncertaine. I suspend my practice, accordingly; being sure, *It is good not to doe, what I am not sure is good to bee done:* & now *Gaine* solicites me, as much as Iustice did before. Betwixt

both, I liue troublesomly: Nor euer shall doe other, till (in a resolute detestation) I haue whipped this euill merchant out of the Temple of my heart. This rigour is my peace. Before, I coulde not be well, either full or fasting. Vncertaintie is much paine, euen in a more tolerable action. Neither is it (I thinke) easie to determine, whether it bee worse to doe a lawfull acte with *Doubting*, or an euill with *Resolution*; since *That, which in it selfe is good, is*

made euill to mee by my doubt: and *What is in nature euill, is in this one point not euill to me, that I doe it vpon the verdict of a Conscience.* So now, *my Iudgement offends, in not following the truth: I offend not, in that I follow my Iudgement.* Wherein, if the most wise God had left vs to roue onely according to the aime of our owne coniectures; it should haue beene lesse faulty to bee *Sceptickes* in our actions; and either not to iudge at all, or to iudge amisse: but, now

that he hath giuen vs a perfite rule of eternall equitie, and truth, whereby to direct the sentences of our iudgement; *That vncertaintie, which alloweth no peace to vs, will afforde vs no excuse before the tribunall of heauen.* Wherfore, *Then only is the heart quiet, when our actions are grounded vpon Iudgement, and our Iudgement vpon truth.*

Sect. 25.

Rules for eſtate. 1. Reliance vpon the prouidēce of God.

For his eſtate, the quiet Mind muſt firſt roule it ſelfe vpon the prouidence of the Hyeſt: For, whoſoeuer ſo caſts himſelfe vpon theſe outward things, that in their proſperous eſtate hee reioyceth, and (contrarily) is caſt down in their miſcarriage; I knowe not, whether hee ſhal finde more *vncertainty of reſt*, or more *certainty of vnquietneſſe*; ſince hee muſt needes bee like vnto a light vnbaſlaced Veſſel,

that riſes and falles with euery waue, and depends onely on the mercie of winde and water: But, who relies on the ineuitable decree, & all-ſeeing prouidence of God (which can neither be croſſed with ſecond thoughts, nor with euents vnlooked-for) laies a ſure ground of *Tranquillitie.* Let the world toſſe how it liſt, and varie it ſelfe (as it euer doth) in ſtorms and calmes; his Reſt is pitched aloft, aboue the ſphere of changeable mortalitie. *To begin, is*

har-

harder than to prosecute: What counsel had God, in the first moulding of thee, in the womb of thy mother? what ayde shall he haue, in repairing thee, fro n the womb of the eart ? and, if hee could make, and shall restore thee, without thee; why shall hee not much more (not without thy indeuour) dispose of thee? Is God wise enough, to guide the heauens, and to produce all creatures in their kindes and seasons? and shall he not be able to order thee alone?

Thou ſayeſt I haue friends: and (which is my beſt friende) I haue wealth, to make both them and mee; and wit, to put both to beſt vſe. O, the broken reedes of humane Confidence! who euer truſted on friendes, that could truſt to himſelfe? *Who euer was ſo wiſe, as not ſometimes to bee a foole in his owne conceit? oft times in the conceite of others?* Who was euer more diſcontent, than the wealthy? *Friendes* may bee falſe: *wealth* can not but be deceit-

full:

full; *witte* hath made manie fooles. Truſt thou to that, which (if thou wouldeſt) cannot faile thee. *Not that thou deſireſt ſhal come to paſſe; but, that which GOD hath decreed*, Neither thy feares nor thy hopes, nor vowes ſhall either fore-ſlowe, or alter it. The vnexperienced paſſenger, when hee ſees the veſſel go amiſſe or too far, laies faſt hold on the contrarie part, or on the Maſt for remedie: the Pilot laughes at his folly; knowing, that

(what-euer he labours) ſ Barke will goe, which way the Winde and his Sterne directeth it. Thy goods are embarked: Now, thou wiſheſt a direct North-winde; to driue thee to the *Strayts*; and then a Weſt, to run-in: and now, when thou haſt emptied and laded againe, thou call'ſt as earneſtly for the South, and South-eaſt, to returne; and loweſt, if all theſe anſwer thee not: As if heauen and earth had nothing elſe to doe, but to waite vppon thy plea-

ſure; and ſerued one-
ly, to bee commaunded
ſeruice by thee. An-
other, that hath con-
trary occaſions, asks for
windes quite oppoſite
to thine. He, that ſits in
heauen, neither fits thy
fancie nor his: but bids
his windes ſpet ſome-
times in thy face; ſome-
times, to fauor thee with
a ſide blaſt; ſometimes, to
bee boiſterous; other
whiles, to be ſilent, at his
own pleaſure. Whether
the Mariner ſing or
curſe, it ſhal goe whither
it is ſent. Striue, or lye
ſtill, thy Deſtinie ſhall

run-

run-on; and, what must be, shall be: Not, that wee should hence exclude benefit of Meanes (which are alwaies necessarily included, in this wise preordination of all thinges) but, perplexity of cares, and wrestling with Prouidence. Oh, the idle and ill-spent cares of curious men, that consult with starres, and spirits, for their destinies, vnder colour of preuention! If it be not thy destiny; why wouldest thou knowe it, what needest thou resist it? If it bee thy

deſtinie; why wouldeſt thou knowe that, thou canſt not preuent? *That, which God hath decreed, is already done in heauen; and muſt bee done on earth.* This kinde of exſpectation doth but haſten ſlowe euills, and prolong them in their continuance: haſten them, not in their euent, but in our cõceit. Shortly then, if thou ſwimmeſt againſt the ſtreame of this Prouidence, thou canſt not eſcape drowning; euerie waue turnes thee ouer, like a *Porkpiſce* before a

tem-

tempeſt: But, if thou ſwimſt with the ſtream, do but caſt thine armes abroade, thou paſſeſt with ſafety, and with eaſe: it both beares thee vp, and carries thee on to the hauen (whither GOD hath determined thine arriuall) in peace.

Sect. 26.

The ſecond rule for eſtate; A perſwaſion of the goodneſſe and fitnes of it for vs.

NExt to this, the minde of the quiet man muſt bee ſo wrought by theſe former Reſolutions, that it

be

be throughly perſwaded, The eſtate wherin he is, is beſt of all; if not in it ſelfe, yet to him: Not out of pride; but, out of contentment: Which whoeuer wanteth, cannot but bee continually vexed with enuie, and racked with ambition. Yea, if it were poſſible to bee in heauen without this, hee could not bee happie. For, *It is as impoſsible, for the minde at once to long after, and enioy, as for a man to feed and ſleepe at once.* And this is the more to be ſtriuen for,

be-

becauſe we are all naturally prone to afflict our ſelues with our owne frowardnes; ingratefully contemning al we haue, for what we wold haue. Euen the beſt of the Patriarks could ſay, O Lord what wilt thou giue me, ſince I goe childeleſſe? The bondman deſires, now, nothing but liberty: that alone would make him happy. Once free (forgetting his former thought) he wiſhes ſome wealth, to make vſe of his freedome; & ſayes, it were as good be ſtraited in place, as in abilitie.

Once

Once rich, hee longeth after nobilitie; thinking it no praiſe, to be a wealthy peaſant. Once noble, hee beginnes to deeme it a baſe matter, to bee ſubiect: nothing canne now content him, but a Crown. Then it is a ſmal matter to rule, ſo long as hee hath but little dominions, and greater neighbours. He would therefore bee an vniuerſall Monarch: whither then? Surely, it vexeth him as much, that the earth is ſo ſmall a globe, ſo little a molehil; and that there are no

more Worlds to conquer. And, now that he hath attained the hyeſt dignitie among men, he would needs be a God, conceits his Immortalitie, erects Temples to his owne Name, commaunds his deade Statues to bee adored; and (not thus contented) is angrie that hee cannot commaund Heauen, and controll Nature. O vaine fooles! whither doth our reſtleſſe ambition climbe? What ſhal be, at length, the period of our wiſhes? I coulde not blame

theſe deſires, if contentment conſiſted in hauing much: but, now that *He onely hath much, that hath contentment* (and that is as eaſily obtayned in a lowe eſtate) I canne account of theſe thoughts, no better than proudly fooliſh. Thou art poore? What diffetence is there betwixt a greater man and thee? ſaue that hee doth his buſineſſes by others; thou doeſt them thy ſelfe. Hee hath *Caters*, *Cookes*, *Baliues*, *Stewardes*, *Secretaries*, and all other Officers for

his

his seuerall seruices: thou prouidest, dressest, gatherest, receiuest, expendest, writest for thy selfe, His patrimonie is large; thine earnings small. If *Briareus* feede fiftie bellies, with his hundreth hands; what is he the better, than hee that with two hands feedeth one? Hee is serued in siluer: thou, in vessell of the same colour, of lesser price; as good for vse, tho not for value. His dishes are more daintie: thine as well relished to thee, and

no lesse wholesome. Hee eates oliues; thou garlicke: hee mislikes not more the smell of thy sauce, than thou dost the taste of his. Thou wantest somwhat that he hath: hee wisheth something which thou hast, and regardst not. Thou couldst bee content to haue the rich mans purse; but his gout thou wouldst not haue. He would haue thy health, but not thy fare. If we might picke, out of al mēs estates, that which is laudable, omitting the inconueniences; we would make our selues

complcat: but, if wee must take al together, we should perhaps little aduantage our selues with the change. For, the most wise God hath so proportion'd out euerie mans condition, that he hath some iust cause of sorrow inseparably mixed with other contentments: and hath allotted, to no man liuing, an absolute happinesse without some grieuances; nor, to any man, such an exquisite misery, as that he findeth not somewhat wherein to solace himselfe: the weight

whereof

whereof varies, according to our eſtimation of them. One hath much wealth; but no childe, to inherit it: he enuies at the poore mans fruiteſulneſſe, which hath many heires, and no lands; and could bee content, with all his aboundance to purchaſe a ſucceſſour of his owne loynes. Another hath many children, little maintenance: hee commendeth the careleſs quietnes of the barren; and thinkes, fewer mouthes and more meate would do better. The laboring man hath

the blessing of a strong body, fit to digest any fare, to indure any labor: yet, he wisheth himselfe weaker, on condicion he might bee wealthier. The man of nice education, hath a feeble stomach; and (rasping since his last meal) doubts, whether hee should eate of his best dish, or nothing: this man repines at nothing more, than to see his hungry plowman feed on a crust; and wisheth to change estates, on condicion hee might change bodies with him. Say, that God

should

ſhould giue thee thy wiſh: what wouldſt thou deſire? Let me (thou ſaieſt) be wiſe, healthfull, rich, honorable, ſtrong, learned, beautifull, immortall. I knowe, thou loueſt thy ſelfe ſo well, that thou canſt wiſh all theſe, and more: But, ſay that God hath ſo ſhared out all theſe gifts (by a moſt wiſe and iuſt diſtribution) that thou canſt haue but ſome of theſe, perhaps but one; which wouldſt thou ſingle out for thy ſelfe? Any thing, beſide what thou haſt: If learned, thou wouldſt

be ſtrong; if ſtrong, honorable; if honorable, long-liued: Som of theſe thou art already. Thou fool! cannot God chuſe better for thee, than thou for thy ſelfe? In other matches thou truſteſt the choyce of a skilfuller chapman: when thou ſeeſt a goodly horſe in the Fayre (tho his ſhape pleaſe thine eye well) yet thou dareſt not buy him, if a cunning horſe-maſter ſhall tell thee hee is faultie; and art willing to take a player and ſounder, on his commendation, a-

gainſt

gainſt thy fancy : How much more ſhould we, in this caſe, allow his choiſe that cannot deceiue vs; that cannot be deceiued ? But, thou knoweſt that other thou deſireſt, to be better than what thou haſt: Better, perhaps, for him that hath it; not better for thee. Liberty is ſweete & profitable, to thoſe that can vſe it : But, fetters are better, for the franticke man. Wine is good nouriſhment, for the healthfull; poyſon, to the Aguiſh. It is good for a ſound b odie,

to ſleepe in a whole skin: but, hee that complaines of ſwelling ſores, cannot ſleepe, till it be broken. Hemlock to the goat, & ſpiders to the monky, turn to good ſuſtenances; which, to other creatures, are accounted deadly. As in diets, ſo in eſtimation of good and euil, of greater and leſſer good, there is much variety. Al palates commend not one diſh: and, what one commends for moſt dilicate, another reiects for vnſauory. And, if thou knowe what diſh is moſt pleaſant to thee, thy

Phy-

Phyſician knowes beſt which is wholeſome. Thou wouldeſt follow thine Appetite too much; and (as the French haue in their Prouerb) wouldſt dig thy owne graue with thy teeth: thy wiſe phyſician ouer-ſees, and ouer-rules thee. He ſees, if thou wert more eſteemed, thou wouldſt bee proude; If more ſtrong, licentious; if richer, couetous; if healthfuller, more ſecure: But, thou thinkſt not thus hardly of thy ſelfe. Fond man! what knoweſt thou fu-

ture things? Belieue thou him, that onely knowes what would bee, what will bee. *Thou wouldst willingly goe to heauen: what better guide canst thou haue, than him that dwels there?* If bee lead thee, through deepe sloughes, and brackie thickets; knowe, that he knowes this the neerer way, though more cumbersom. Can there be, in him, any want of wisedome, not to fore-see the best? Can there be anie want of power, not to effect the best? any want of loue, not to giue thee

what

what he knowes is beſt? Howe canſt thou then faile of the beſt? ſince what his Power can doe, and what his Wiſedome ſees ſhould be done, his Loue hath done, becauſe all are infinite. *He willeth not things, becauſe they are good: but, they are good, becauſe hee wills them.* Yea, if ought had not been better, this had not been. GOD willeth what he doth: and, if thy will accord not with his, whether wilt thou condemne of imperfection?

Sect. vlt.

The Conclusion of the whole.

I Haue chalked-out the way of Peace: What remains, but that we walke along in it? I haue conducted my Reader to the Mine, yea to the mint of Happineſs; and ſhewed him thoſe glorious heapes, which may eternally enrich him. If (now) he ſhall go away with his hands and skirt empty; how is hee but worthy of a miſerable want? Who ſhal pit-

ty vs, while wee haue no mercy on our ſelues? wilfull diſtreſſe hath neither remedie, nor compaſſion. And, to ſpeake freely, I haue oft wondred at this painefull folly of vs men, who in the open view of our peace (as if we were condemned to a neceſſarie and fatal vnquietnes) liue vpon our owne Rack; finding no more ioy, than if wee were vnder no other hands, but our executioners. One droupeth vnder a fained euill; another augements a ſmall ſorrow, through impati-

ence; another draws, vpon himselfe, an vncertaine euill, through fear: one seekes true contentment, but not inough; another hath iust cause of ioy, and perceiues it not: One is vexed for that his grounds of ioy are matched with equall grieuances: another cannot complaine of any present occasion of sorrow; yet liues sullenly, because he findes not any present cause of comfort. One is haunted with his sinne; another, distracted with his passion: Amongst all which, hee

is a miracle of men, that liues not ſome way diſcontented. So, we liue not, while wee do liue; only for that wee want either wiſedome, or will, to husband our liues to our own beſt aduantage. O, the inequalitie of our cares! Let Riches or Honour be in queſtion; wee ſue to them, we ſeeke for them with importunity, with ſeruile ambition; our paines neede no Solicitor. Yea, there is no way wrong, that leads to this ende: Wee abhorre the patience to ſtay, till

they inquire for vs. And if euer (as it rarely happens) our deſert and worthineſſe winnes vs the fauour of this profer, wee meet it with both hands; not daring, with our modeſt denialls to whet the inſtancie, and double the intreaties, of ſo welcome ſuiters: Yet lo, here the onely true and pretious riches (the hyeſt aduancemēt of the ſoule) Peace, and Happineſs, ſeekes for vs, ſues to vs for acceptation; our anſweres are coy and ouerly, ſuch as wee giue to thoſe Clients that looke

to gaine by our fauours. If our wãt were through the ſcarcitie of good, we might yet hope for pitty, to eaſe vs: but, now that it is through negligence (and that we periſh with our hands in our boſom) we are rather worthy of ſtripes for the wrong we doe our ſelues, than of pittie for what wee ſuffer. That wee may and will not, in opportunitie of hurting others; is Noble and Chriſtian: but, in our owne benefite, ſluggiſh; and ſauoring of the worſt kinde of vnthriftineſſe.

Sayeſt

Sayest thou then, This peace is good to haue, but hard to get? It were a shamefull neglect, that hath no pretence. Is difficultie sufficient excuse to hinder thee, from the pursuit of riches, of preferment, of learning, of bodily pleasure? Art thou cõtent to sit shrugging in a base cottage, ragged, affamished; because house, clothes, and food will neither bee had without money, nor money without labour, nor labour without trouble and painefulnesse? Who is so mercifull,

as not to say, that a whip is the best almes for so lazy and wilfull neede? Peace shuld not be good if it were not hard. Go, and (by this excuse) shut thy selfe out of heauen at thy death, and liue miserably till thy death; because the good of both worlds is hard to compasse. There is nothing, but miserie (on earth) & hell (belowe) that thou canst come-to without labour. And, if we can bee content to cast-away such immoderate and vnseasonable paines vppon these earthly

trifles,

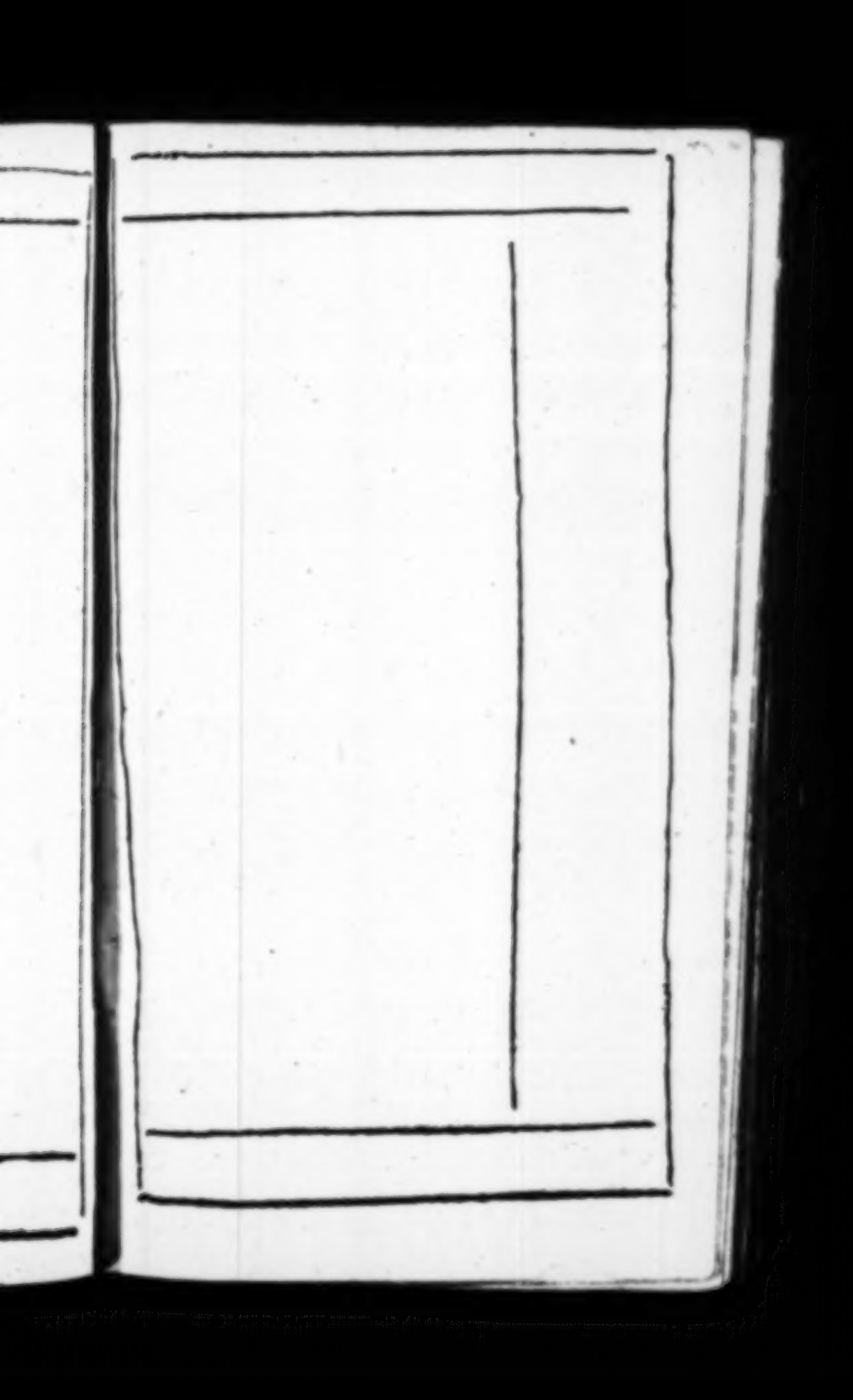
trifles, as to weare our bodies with violence, & to incroach vppon the night for time to get them; what madnes ſhal it ſeeme in vs, not to afforde a leſſe labour to that which is infinitely better, and which onely giues worth & goodnes to the other? Wherfore (if wee haue not vowed enmitie with our ſelues, if we be not in loue with miſerie and vexation, if wee bee not obſtinatly careleſſe of our owne good) let vs ſhake off this vnthrifty, dangerous & deſperate negligence;

and

and quicken theſe dull hearts, to a liuely and effectuall ſearch of what only canne yeelde them ſweete and abiding contentment. Which once attained; how ſhall wee inſult ouer euils, and bid them do their worſt! how ſhall wee, vnder this calme & quiet bay, laugh at the rough weather and vnſteadie motions of the world! how ſhall heauen and earth ſmile vpon vs, and wee on them! commanding the one, aſpiring to the other. how pleaſant ſhall our life bee! while

neither ioyes, nor ſorrowes, can diſtemper it with exceſſe; yea, while the matter of ioy, that is within vs, turnes all the moſt ſad occurrences, into pleaſure. how deare and welcome ſhall our death be! that ſhall but lead vs from one heauen to another; from peace to glory. Go now, yee vain & idle worldlings, & pleaſe your ſelues in ý large extent of your rich Mannors; or, in the homage of thoſe whome baſeneſſe of minde hath made ſlaues to your Greatneſs; or, in the price

and

and fashions of your full ward-robe; or, in the wã-ton varieties of your delicate gardens; or, in your cofers-full of red and white earth: Or, if there bee any other earthly thing more alluring, more precious; enioy it, possesse it, and let it possesse you: Let me haue only my peace; and let me neuer want it, till I enuie you.

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